

Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 22, 1979 \$1.25

THE WORLD SERIES



**DeCinces Upends Garner
In Game 4**



U.S. Government Report:

Carlton is lowest.

Box or Menthol:
10 Carlton have less
tar than 1:

	tar mg./cig.	nicotine mg./cig.
Kent	12	0.9
Marlboro Lights	12	0.8
Merit	8	0.6
Salem Lights	10	0.8
Vantage	11	0.8
Winston Lights	13	0.9
Carlton Soft Pack	1	0.1
Carlton Menthol	less than 1	0.1
Carlton Box	less than 0.5	0.05



Less
than
1 mg.
tar,
0.1 mg. nic.

Of all brands, lowest...Carlton Box: less than 0.5 mg. tar
and 0.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78.

Carlton.
Filter & Menthol
The lighter
100's.



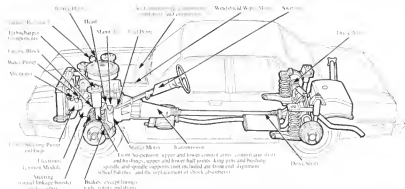
Only
5 mg.
tar,
0.5 mg. nic.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Box: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar," 0.05 mg. nicotine,
Soft Pack and Menthol: 1 mg. "tar," 0.1 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78. 100 mg. 5 mg.
"tar," 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Ford Motor Company's Extended Service Plan.

IT CAN EXTEND PROTECTION TO EVERYTHING SHOWN HERE FROM 12 MONTHS/12,000 MILES TO 3 YEARS/50,000 MILES.



What it covers.

Briefly, it covers parts and labor for repair of defects in the major parts of the entire power train, certain steering system parts, the electronic ignition module, front suspension (except alignment), drive axle, the basic electrical system, brakes (except for linings, pads, rotors, and drums), the turbocharger (where applicable), and factory-installed air conditioning (parts illustrated above). If you normally use and properly care for your car, and perform the routine maintenance called for in the Owner's Manual, your new Ford Motor Company vehicle is protected from the high cost of repair bills from date of delivery for up to 3 years or 36,000 miles (whichever comes first). Or you can choose an extended plan that protects you for 3 years or 50,000 miles.

What it costs.

CAR COVERED	MONTHS TO PRICE	
	Up to 12,000 mi.	Up to 50,000 mi.
Cougar	\$149	\$279
Fiesta, Probe, Barcha, Mustang, Capri, Taurus and Tempo	\$175	\$215
Granada, Monarch, Crown Victoria, Thunderbird	\$225	\$275
Ford LTD, Mercury Marquis, F-100 through F-350, Light truck (4x2), Excursion, Club Wagon	\$279	\$319
Bronco, F-100 through F-350, Light truck (4x4)	\$439	\$519
Lincoln Mark VI, Versailles	\$329	\$399

You also pay only the first \$25 per covered repair visit. Extended Service Plan not available in Rhode Island.

What it means.

Ford Extended Service Plan picks up where your 12 months/12,000 miles new car limited warranty leaves off. You can choose from two plans: extended protection from date of delivery for 3 years/36,000 miles (whichever comes first) or 3 years/50,000 miles. It's a service contract between you and Ford Motor Company. And it's honored by over 6,500 Ford or Lincoln-Mercury dealers in North America. Just go to your selling dealer. What if you bought your car in Des Moines and you need repairs in Atlanta? Just take your car in to any Ford Motor Company dealer, show your membership card, and you'll get the service you need.

IT'S THE ONE "OPTION" YOU CAN BUY THAT COULD END UP PAYING FOR ITSELF.



Another Better Idea from
Ford Motor Company.



Zenith's new integrated stereos. Soundin' good.

The new Zenith integrated stereos have features you'd expect to find only in fine components.

The AM/FM receivers have the kind of sophisticated audio controls you need to make good sound even better. Twin filters to minimize noise at high and low frequencies. FM mute. Tuned RF for greater FM selectivity. A loudness switch. Detent tone and volume settings. Precision flywheel tuning. And much more.

Each of our belt-driven turntables has a sensitive S-shaped tone arm... balanced for the lightest possible touch. And you can set it down nice and easy with the viscous damped cueing lever. So you can be confident that the high quality magnetic cartridge and your valuable albums are well protected. There's also an

anti-skate control to help eliminate skipping and uneven record wear.

You have a choice of 8-track or cassette. There are even models with both. Whichever you choose, you'll get twin VU meters and the controls you need to assure the best possible tape recording and playback.

For fine, matched sound reproduction, choose Allegro 1000, 2000 or 3000 speakers. With woofers, tweeters and tuned ports. They're so efficient that comparable size air-suspension speakers need *twice* the amplifier power to match their sound reproduction.

Zenith integrated stereos are soundin' good. Hear them at your Zenith Dealer, today.

ZENITH
The quality goes in
before the name goes on!

Audio. The Flipside of Zenith.



**WHEN IT COMES TO GOOD MONEY IDEAS,
WE DELIVER.**

No matter where you live or work, we think that helping you plan a brighter financial future deserves close, personal attention.

And two things you can count on IDS having are well-trained, dedicated people...3000 of them from coast to coast...and good, solid money ideas.

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in helping build just the *right* plan for you. And be right there to *continue* to help as your needs change over the years.

Whatever your income, your IDS representative can bring you ideas to help you get more out of your money.

Ideas. Money ideas. That's the IDS difference.



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Pastorini's got a new pair of wings



Feet that feel good fly in football shoes from Spalding

"A good shoe is a good arm's best friend. A good shoe has to be stable. It has to plant right. Without a wobble. So my pass goes where I want it to go. Which all translates into confidence in my game."

"Good shoes fit like socks. Snugly, so they move with my feet, not against them. Unlike some new shoes I've worn, my new Spalding shoes have been nothing but comfort from day one."

"Another thing...you wouldn't expect a shoe this light to be this sturdy. I don't know how Spalding did it. Maybe I don't run any faster in them, but it sure feels like I do."

"For football alone, Spalding has 24 new models. And 12 all-purpose shoes good for football, soccer and other team sports. There are molded sole shoes for artificial turf or nylon sole shoes with removable cleats. I find that I wear the Spalding 'Hurricane' almost all the time."

"Like everything else Spalding makes, Spalding makes shoes right. And when your feet feel right, you're going to do alright."

-Dan Pastorini

SPALDING.



Spalding - registered trademark of Quaker Corporation

FOR THE 1980's LINCOLN-MERCURY



NEW COUGAR XR-7. IT'S

Very rarely does this kind of automotive excitement come along. A car that can bring out the true animal instincts in you.

New Cougar XR-7. A striking new Cat that has more flash—more style.

Lean. Trim. Totally new, from a MacPherson-strut front suspension on up. Newly designed, outside. Very spacious on the inside. And so very luxurious.

This Cougar matches a sleek new profile with plenty of standard Cat features. Like padded landau vinyl roof. New power rack-and-pinion steering. New halogen headlamps. Steel-belted radials. A new



4.2 liter V-8, Select-Shift automatic transmission.

More innovative, with new electronic Cat options. Like the 3-pod electronic instrument panel with

UNLEASHES A STRIKING NEW CAT.



MORE THAN EVER.

digital display shown here. And a new Keyless Entry System that lets you open doors and rear decklid without fumbling for your keys.

Also new is an automatic overdrive transmission available with the 5.0 liter V-8. So innovative, it's not available from any other American automaker.

Cougar responds this year with 64% better EPA Estimated MPG than 1975 models, based on a comparison of standard engines. Compare this estimate to the estimated MPG of other cars. Your actual mileage may differ, depending on how fast you drive, weather conditions and trip length. Actual highway mileage will probably be less than the

estimated highway fuel economy. Estimated MPG and percentage increase different in California.*

New Cougar XR-7. Unleash one today at your Lincoln-Mercury dealer.

64%	EPA EST. MPG IMPROVEMENT OVER 5 YEARS AGO	18	EPA EST. MPG	26	EST. HWY MPG

MERCURY COUGAR XR-7

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION



Rich Lights

from Viceroy



The rich low 'tar.'

Kings and 100's.

0 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDLEY

THE SOUTHPAW DISCOVERS THAT WHILE
IT LOOKED LIKE FOR EVER, IT WAS NOT

Here is Henry Wiggen, at age 39 handed his release by the New York Mammoths, reflecting on the beginning of his illustrious career: "When I first came it looked like for ever. I was confident, I was strong, I had enthusiasm, I had motivation, I drank nothing, I smoked nothing, and I could throw a baseball harder than almost any body. The rivers flow and the bridges stand while the people come and go."

How Wiggen comes to learn that hard but inescapable lesson is what Mark Harris' fourth baseball novel, *It Looked Like For Ever* (McGraw-Hill, \$9.95), is all about. The novel appears nearly a quarter of a century after its immediate predecessor, but the years have not altered the tone established by Harris in Wiggen's first baseball novel, *The Southpaw*: Lardersque use of the vernacular, a blend of braggadocio and self-scrutiny, an easy familiarity with baseball's intricacies. If this isn't Wiggen at his best, it nonetheless contains enough good moments to reward his many admirers for their long wait.

We learn here that Wiggen, in the years since last we saw him, compiled one of the most imposing all-time pitching records: 19 seasons, 247 victories, "27th winningest pitcher in baseball history." But now the Mammoths have cut him loose, and he isn't ready to quit—especially because his youngest daughter, Hivory, has never seen him pitch and goes into screaming fits each time she contemplates this deprivation.

So Wiggen takes off on a singularly toadious path back to the big leagues. It takes him to Oyamam, Japan, where he finds a perfect little ball park designed solely for television, to the broadcast booth of *Friday Night Baseball*, where he plays a Don Meredith role, to Moors Stadium in New York for a Mammoth Old Timers Game, and finally to the clubhouse of the California team, where he returns to baseball with consequences it is up to the reader to discover.

It's giving away no secrets, though, to say that Wiggen's fight against the inexorable passage of time is, like everyone else's, a losing one; not even the owners of the "Iccoleum," who proposed picking him in ice for 125 years, can ward off the effects of nature. Unfortunately, the novel advances about as slowly as old age does, without sufficient dramatic tension to sustain interest, it moves falteringly from episode to episode. Still, it's good to know that Henry Wiggen is alive and well—and wise at last. **END**



THE PICTURE PERFECT BOOK

THE A-B-C'S
TO BETTER
PHOTOGRAPHY

FREE PHOTO BOOKLET FROM "EVEREADY" POWER CELLS.

And a chance to win a trip to Paris, Rome and London.

Don't pass up these great offers from "Eveready" Power Cells.

Free Photo Booklet. Get your free copy of *The Picture Perfect Book*, compliments of "Eveready" at your local camera retailer. This 16-page book is full of tips on how to use and care for your camera and equipment. Everything from lens cleaning to backlighting techniques. This valuable source of information, will provide the novice or the expert with helpful hints for better photography.

Free Trip. A chance to win a trip to three of the world's most picturesque cities—Paris, Rome and London plus \$1,000 cash...so you can buy the photo equipment you'll want. It's simple. Just fill

out and mail the sweepstakes entry form you'll find in your copy of *The Picture Perfect Book*.

Best offer of all. "Eveready" Power Cells offer dependable, long lasting power, when you need it most. No wonder so many camera manufacturers choose "Eveready" Power Cells as standard equipment. Next time you want batteries for your camera equipment, insist on "Eveready." (If you can't find

The Picture Perfect Book at a participating retailer, write to "Eveready," P.O. Box 4279, Long Island City, N.Y. 11104.

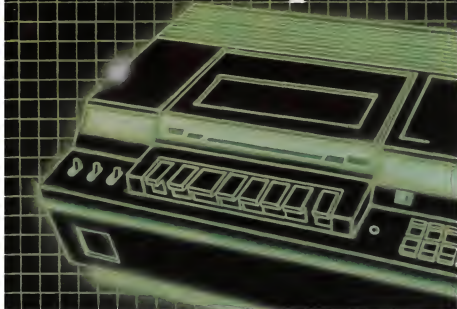
The book with sweepstakes entry form will be mailed to you.)

UNION
CARBIDE



RCA INTRODUCES

The next step in video



This is the one. SelectaVision 600. Now, the video cassette recorder you've been waiting to buy has more of what you want most.

Like more time. The 600 has a new third speed that allows



Third speed gives 6 hours recording on a single VK-250 cassette.

you to record up to six hours on a single cassette. That means fewer cassette-changing interruptions or missed endings when you're recording with the automatic timer. And more shows on one cassette means you save money on tape too.

But 6 hours is just one reason to consider the new SelectaVision 600. A 7-day programmable timer lets you record your favorite shows even when you're away. By touching a few buttons, you can program your selections into the timer and the rest is automatic. The 600 will turn itself on at kickoff time,

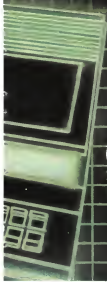
silently record the game, then turn itself off. When it's time for your second selection, the



7-day memory timer lets you program shows up to a week in advance.

600 turns itself to the proper second channel and starts recording again - automatically. The entire schedule is preset by you up to a whole

SELECTAVISION 600. cassette recording.



6 hours recording.
7-day memory timer.

week in advance – as many as four different shows or even the same program for seven straight days. And with 6 hours of recording time, you shouldn't have to change cassettes as often.

6 hours recording – 7-day memory timer. Those are the highlights of the new 600, but there's more.

A new remote pause/channel control not only lets you edit out unwanted programming from 20 feet away but also lets you change channels – even if your present television set isn't equipped for remote control.

An ingenious tape indexing system lets you skip to the beginning of the next show by just pushing the fast forward control. The 600 stops automatically.

And then there are all the features that have helped make RCA SelectaVision one of the best selling VCR's in America. Like "touch of a button" Varactor tuning. A direct-drive motor for precise operation. Special circuitry that automatically compensates for changing signal strength. It's all there in the new 600. Go see it at your RCA Dealer.

He'll show you all the things you can do with the new SelectaVision 600. The six-hour video cassette recorder with the 7-day memory.



RCA



CAUTION: The unauthorized duplication of service mark programs and other materials may infringe the rights of others.

Let RCA turn your television into
SelectaVision®

"I never knew gold rum tasted like this."



**If you're still drinking
a blended whiskey
on the rocks...**

**It's because you haven't
tasted gold rum
on the rocks.**

That's the reaction that's made Puerto Rican Gold Rum one of the fastest growing liquors in America today. It's the smooth alternative to bourbons, blends, Canadians—even Scotch.

Try our Gold Rum with soda, ginger ale, or on the rocks. The first sip will amaze you. The second will convert you.

Make sure the rum is Puerto Rican. The people of Puerto Rico have been making rum for almost five centuries. Their specialized skills and dedication result in a rum of exceptional taste and purity.

No wonder over 85% of the rum sold in this country comes from Puerto Rico.

PUERTO RICAN RUMS
Aged for smoothness and taste.



For free Light Rums of Puerto Rico recipes write: Puerto Rican Rums
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Sideline

by JANE DELCHIST

**FINE ART OF OLYMPIANS GOES ON SALE
FOR PENNIES—AT YOUR POST OFFICE**

Works of art by the New York painter Robert M. Cunningham (who has, among other things, illustrated 16 SI stories) are now available to all—and for just a few cents apiece. Cunningham has designed 10 commemorative stamps and five other philatelic items in honor of the 1980 Winter and Summer Olympics. His stamps portray athletes in action and are modeled after such Olympic stars as Jesse Owens, Dorothy Hamill and Reifer Johnson; he avoided likenesses because the Postal Service forbids the depiction of living people on stamps.

"Winners weren't everything, nor the only thing, I looked for," says Cunningham. "I scanned thousands of photographs searching for the right pose. Because so many events are over so quickly, it's impossible to sketch on the spot. Stamps are the briefest of visual statements. At a glance, they must epitomize a theme. The message of a postage stamp is communicated throughout the world. It is a country's calling card."

Cunningham was asked by the Postal Service to select 15 events. Because the U.S. is the host country of the Winter Games, he was careful not to show any national bias. Basketball was eliminated because American teams had won gold medals in eight of the nine Olympics in which it has been contested.

To avoid having the uniforms suggest those of any particular country, Cunningham used the colors of the Olympic rings—red, yellow, blue, green and black—to reflect the flags of all competing nations. But he was unable to incorporate the rings into his designs even though they had been used in both the 1972 and 1976 Games issues. By a 1978 act of Congress, the U.S. Olympic Committee holds sole rights to the use of the emblem in the U.S. So Cunningham devised a pattern of five interlocking stars, in blue and white, which alludes to the traditional symbol and, in his words, "gives the series its own identity."

Olympic collectors can expect more art from Cunningham. He is now at work on an Olympic postal book, which will include his entire series of stamps, additional art and comments from athletes on each of the 15 sports represented. The book will be available in February 1980. Meanwhile, the Cunningham collection is already at the local post office. Prices run from a dime for the sprinter postal card to 31¢ for the high-jumper air-mail stamp. Or you can splurge and get the complete works for \$2.46.

END

Introducing the adidas Galaxy. It passed every test we could give it.

In creating the adidas Galaxy we were determined to design a racing flat as advanced as the people who'd wear it.

So we fashioned one of the lightest most durable racing shoes the world has ever seen. And gave it a unique set of scientific advantages that tested out for superior performance.

The adidas Galaxy passed every test we could give it.

Now it is ready to be tested by you.

A new sole specially developed for road running. It reduces ground resistance, while maintaining traction and durability on both dry and wet surfaces.

Its futuristic looking Sefilite (TM) uppers are perforated for superior ventilation and maximum flexibility.



The adidas Galaxy's uppers have a unique Foreflex (TM) cut that allows the foot to flex easily as it rolls forward. More easily than in an ordinary running shoe.



Its new adidas heel counter (pat. pending) has a semi-circle cut out of its top to prevent blisters, heel spurs and irritations.



adidas[®] 
The science of sport

Footloose

by MYRA GELBAND

WHAT'S GARRO DOING IN THE TRACK AND FIELD HALL OF FAME? GD AND FIND OUT

What do Greta Garbo, Jesse Owens, Al Oerter, Wilma Rudolph and George Murphy's father have in common? Well, a picture of each hangs in the National Track and Field Hall of Fame in Charleston, W. Va.

That track and field should find a home in the gently rolling, densely wooded hills of West Virginia, a wholly unlikely locale, is largely the result of one person's efforts. Don Cohen, a Charleston optometrist who could pass for broadcaster Chris Schenck's twin, returned home after a visit to the Canadian Runners' Hall of Fame in Toronto seven years ago and was dismayed to find there was no American counterpart. He promptly set about correcting the oversight, lobbying some \$900,000 in appropriations through the state legislature and even more from federal and local government sources. Now Charleston

has a spanking-new stadium, Luskley Field, which seats 19,000, and a fast Chevron 400-surfaced track. Construction will begin this fall on an adjacent building to house a museum, archives, a sports medicine lab and a 200-meter indoor track.

For the time being, the hall operates out of an elegant if weather-beaten, red brick mansion that overlooks the Kanawha River. Much of the museum collection on display there has been donated by the 65 inductees, each of whom is asked to give a memento. Items range from an Al Oerter practice discus to the Olympic gold medals that pole vaulter Bob Richards won in 1952 and 1956.

Warm-up suits and track shoes seem to be the most popular donations, and winners can trace changes through the years. Charles Paddock, the 1920 Olympic 100-meter gold medalist, wore a silk uniform, and his shorts had a button-up fly. From silk the uniforms went to wool, then fleece, then polyester double-knit. Les Steers, Oregon's celebrated high jumper, donated his homemade shoes, which featured a single spike in the heel.

Ever wonder what became of Dave Wottle's golf cap, the one he wore when he won the Olympic 800 meters at Munich? It's there, too, along with a straw hat do-

nated by sprint star Wilma Rudolph, and two early-20th-century hats given by Michael Murphy, a legendary Ivy League coach (Yale and Penn, 1887-1913) and father of actor-politician George Murphy. Murphy was noted for his hats, which he changed to suit the season and sport he was coaching, e.g., black felt derby during football season and straw Panama when spring and the track season rolled around.

From the 1904 Olympic Games in St. Louis there are the granite blocks that marked the starts of two events, the 50-yard dash and the 60-yard dash—the latter a handicap event in which high school boys were given a head start. There is a program for the 1940 Summer Games in Helsinki, which were never held because of the war, in which sliding and scoring are listed among the events.

And there is much more. They save everything at Charleston, including the dirt sull caked on the ground-breaking shovel that hangs over the stairway.

The Track and Field Hall of Fame, 1524 Kanawha Blvd. East, is open year-round, weekdays from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., and there is no admission charge. It is worth stopping in, especially if you want to know why Greta Garbo's picture is hanging there. **END**

At 110 mph, you don't want to lose control.

Ektelon's new Marathon Graphite™

This new Ektelon racquet blends flexible fiberglass fibers and stiffer lighter-weight graphite in a super-tough nylon matrix.

The fiberglass makes the Marathon tremendously flexible. The graphite decreases overall weight and controls the flex. And the light, flexible Marathon Graphite is so durable it carries a two-year warranty.

You get more powerful kills, more accurate passing shots, and effortless ceiling balls.

The new Marathon Graphite—puts pure power in your hands, but never lets you lose control.

Ask for the new Ektelon SpeedFibre™ racquetball. Featuring truer bounce, ideal speed, and perfect flight.

EKTELON 

The Most Recommended Racquet in Racquetball.*

All Ektelon racquetball racquets are manufactured by Ektelon in San Diego, CA. Ektelon is a registered trademark of Ektelon, San Diego, CA. Marathon Graphite is a trademark of Ektelon, San Diego, CA.

*Research results available from Ektelon.





He knows where to wear his diamonds.

Your jeweler can show you other exciting trends in men's diamonds starting at about \$300. The piece shown (enlarged for detail) is available for about \$350.00. Prices may change substantially due to differences in diamond quality and market conditions. A diamond is forever.

De Beers

ANNOUNCING PONTIAC



IT'LL GO



The redesigned 1980 Bonneville takes you farther on a gallon than you may have thought possible with a full-size car.

18	24	450	600
MPG		MILES	MILES
EST. MPG	HWY. EST. MPG	EST. RANGE	HWY. EST. RANGE

Remember: Compare the circled estimated MPG with that of other cars. Your mileage and range will vary with speed, distance and weather. Your actual highway mileage and range will probably be less than the highway

PONTIAC'S 1980 BONNEVILLE



SO FAR

estimates. Mileage and range figures will be lower in California. Bonneville's range estimates were obtained by multiplying EPA estimates by the car's 25 gallon fuel tank capacity. Bonneville is equipped with GM built engines produced by various divisions. See your dealer for details.

But you could go a long way on its brand-new exterior styling alone. The '80 Bonneville offers a sleek new aerodynamic hood. A more formal roofline. Plus simulated walnut that sweeps the instrument panel from door to door.

A padded steering wheel. Richly-trimmed doors with pull straps and carpeted lower panels. Standard notchback seats—or available contoured buckets.

And the Bonneville goes far beautifully, thanks to new anti-corrosion measures. Quietly, because of added acoustic treatments.

We think the 1980 Bonneville will be—far and away—your most exciting full-size driving experience in years. Buy or lease one soon.

**MORE
PONTIAC
EXCITEMENT
TO THE GALLON**



Announcing good taste at only 3 mg. tar.

NEW YORK ADVERTISING

Read how new Flavor-Intensified® Triumph gives you taste good enough to stay with at only 3 mg. tar... one of the lowest tar levels in cigarettes.

Triumph. The first and only cigarette that delivers good taste with only 3 mg. tar.

If you've ever been disappointed by one of the very low tar cigarettes, you will understand why Triumph is quite an achievement.

Even the draw is a surprise.

The smoke comes through abundantly. The taste reaches you smoothly. Effortlessly. With none of the struggle you may have experienced in other very low tar brands. You don't have to pull—you just puff on Triumph.

No gimmicks, no miracles.

No less remarkable than Triumph itself, is the technology that enabled us to build it.

The crux of it: Instead of searching for some yet unimagined answer, Lorillard scientists took a more sensible tack.

Why not, they said, take everything we've learned about cigarettes, and push that technology farther than we've ever pushed it before.

Delivering taste, limiting tar.

We found, for example, that combining two types of filter fiber produces the best combination of taste and draw.

That tiny "vents" in the filter-rim smooth the taste.

That lower-leaf tobaccos (shaded from the heat of the sun) tend to be milder and lower in tar than those at the top of the plant.

In short, everything we could find that might intensify flavor at 3 mg. tar, was built into Triumph.

Taste you won't get tired of.

What it all comes down to is this: Triumph is not one of those ultra low tars that spoil your pleasure by short-changing you on taste.

Triumph, at only 3 mg. tar, is a cigarette with a taste you can stay with. So good, we believe you'll never want to go back to your old cigarette.



TRIUMPH®

One of the lowest tar cigarettes you can smoke.
The one with taste enough to stay with.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Regular and Menthol: 3 mg. "tar," 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

WEATHERBALL

The foul weather that prevailed during the World Series diminished the quality of play and alternately soaked and froze the fans. Some critics accordingly suggested it was time to turn back the clock and shorten the season, but in an era of expansion and payoffs that is unlikely to happen. Others proposed holding future World Series in neutral, warm-weather locations Super Bowl-style, but that would take the event away from hometown fans. One sensible option remains. Despite the TV networks' understandable preference for beaming the Series in prime time, all games should be scheduled for daylight hours, as was the practice until 1971. If last week's first three games had been played in the afternoon instead of at night, we might have witnessed baseball, not weatherball.

BACK TO BEN

A four-week walkout by 1,000 New York City high school coaches ended last week when Mayor Edward Koch found a way to meet their demands for more money. The coaches, whose work stoppage had halted practice and competition in soccer, fencing, cross-country and volleyball, among other sports (football coaches were not on strike), wanted restoration of 25% pay cuts they had voluntarily accepted to ease the Big Apple's financial crisis in 1975. Four years later, the city still doesn't have the money, and Koch broke the impasse by promising to raise the \$386,000 needed for restoring the cuts through private, tax-deductible donations.

The benefactors so far lined up for the Board of Education Emergency Athletic Fund include real-estate moguls, foreign diplomats, the New York Cosmos and Reggie Jackson, all of whom agree that sports are a valuable part of high school education. Although it is certainly good to have the coaches back on the job, the recasting of high school athletics as a charity recalls the days of Benjamin Franklin, who organized philanthropic

projects in Philadelphia to finance police and fire departments and to pave and light city streets. None of these services were yet provided by government, and Franklin was trying to shame municipalities into taking them over, which they eventually did. Seen in this historical light, it is difficult to view the resolution of New York City's coaching dispute as progress.

BUILDING CHARACTER

Big Bay De Noc High School in Michigan's northern peninsula was beaten 56-0 in football Saturday by Rapid River, its 24th straight loss. Worse, it was the 15th consecutive shutout suffered by the Black Bears, who were outscored in those games by a total of 830 points. A couple of weeks ago, Tailback Ron Collins broke into the clear for a 60-yard gain but was tackled at the 10-yard line of rival De Tour, and Big Bay De Noc couldn't get into the end zone. It lost 51-0.

The beleaguered gridders at Big Bay De Noc might find comfort in hearing about Healy (Kans.) High, which lost to Dorrance the other night 107-0 and had five of six punts blocked in the process, the one exception being a third-down punt that Coach Larry Ayers ordered "just to see if we could get one away." As for Ayers, he might find comfort in hearing about Coach Emilio Tesel, who played a tape of a General Patton speech before sending his Live Oak (La.) High team onto the field recently against unbeaten St. Helena. Fired up by the recording, three Live Oak players charged through a glass door and suffered cuts. Live Oak then lost 36-14.

PEDAL POWER

While some people only complain about the energy shortage, a growing number of others are doing something about it—commuting to work by bicycle. In Washington, as many as 70,000 now ride bikes to their jobs each day, and 25,000 regularly do so in Denver. An estimated 13,000 New Yorkers commute by bicy-

cle, including a number of businessmen in three-piece suits. One of these, Gordon J. Phillips, who pedals 60 blocks to his midtown Manhattan office, says, "Bicycling to work is my exhort for the day. When it rains and I have to take the subway, I feel cheated."

As they increase in number, bicycle commuters have succeeded in winning such amenities as bike lanes on city streets, off-street bicycle paths and strategically placed racks for parking. In Los Angeles, where the bicycle is seen increasingly as an alternative to the exhaust-spewing, fuel-consuming automobile, Mayor Tom Bradley has encouraged the cycling movement by proclaiming a "Bike to Work Week," and rush-hour motorists inching along the Santa Monica Freeway are enticed by signs reading MILE FOR MILE, BIKERS PAY LESS and PEDAL POWER—BIKE TO WORK. A six-mile



stretch of busy Venice Boulevard is getting a bicycle lane, and directional signs for cyclists are also planned. An innovation that may be copied elsewhere in Southern California is the installation of bicycle storage lockers at a bus station in El Monte so that commuters can make part of the trip to work by bus and pedal the rest of the way.

Some cyclists believe much more can be done, like the 500 who have paid \$10 in dues to join Bicycle Commuters of New York. That group calls for the total banning of automobiles from at least one major Manhattan avenue as well as from Central Park, where cars are now prohibited only on Sundays and during cer-

continued

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tain other non-rush-hour periods. It also agitates for cyclists' rights in a newsletter (one recent headline: BUS DRIVERS CAN BE REAL BASTARDS, CAN'T THEY?) and by staging demonstrations. To publicize the view that cars should be outlawed in Central Park, its members have taken to doing something that, in the short run, anyway, won't ease the energy shortage at all. They've been holding weekly "ride-ins" in the park, tying up automobile traffic for blocks.

SCOOPS

Buskin-Robbins has contracted to supply ice cream to U.S. Olympic team members at their various training camps, and it wants its involvement known. Since closing the deal with the U.S. Olympic Committee, the California-based firm has introduced such "flavors of the month" as Decathlemon and Gold Medal Ribbon (a mixture of chocolate and vanilla laced with caramel) and, this month's flavor, Jogger's Jamoca. Yet to come are confections called Skating Pears, Downhill Rum and Marathon Mint. The adventurous might want to tackle a sundae consisting of five scoops of ice cream, three toppings, two chocolate cookies and cream. Just ask for the Mr. Olympus.

PAPER CHASE

Readers of *The Des Moines Tribune* might be wondering how the paper got out the extra edition it published when Pope John Paul II visited Iowa. After all, no vehicles were allowed anywhere near the area where the Pope and 350,000 spectators congregated, yet the special edition, with photos, began rolling off the press barely an hour after the papal appearance had ended. The *Tribune's* secret: 10 members of the suburban Ankeny High School cross-country team took turns running film. 241 rolls in all, from photographers at the site to a waiting helicopter two miles distant.

THE \$16 MILLION QUESTION

Last October, Congress authorized \$16 million for a reorganized U.S. Olympic effort that everybody hoped would eliminate the strife that had long afflicted amateur athletics in this country. Since then, something strange has happened. The \$16 million was omitted from the Carter Administration's budget, and a subsequent attempt in a Senate Appropriations subcommittee to amend the budget to include that sum got nowhere. Subcom-

mittee members said that they thought the subject of federal financing of Olympic programs merited closer scrutiny than it had received.

One reason they may have felt that way is that, far from disappearing, bickering has flared anew between the United States Olympic Committee, which was to administer the \$16 million, and the NCAA, which is using its considerable clout in Washington to lobby against appropriation of the money. After six years of boycotting the USOC, the NCAA last year rejoined that organization and withdrew its opposition to federal Olympic financing. But now it has reversed itself in a dispute with the USOC over the question of which of two rival federations should be the ruling body in U.S. amateur wrestling.

The U.S. Wrestling Federation, which the NCAA supports, was recognized in binding arbitration last year as the national governing body for the sport in place of the Amateur Athletic Union. But FILA, the international wrestling federation, continues to recognize the AAU, and the USOC so far has refused to sanction the U.S. Wrestling Federation. The dispute has been taken to court but remains unresolved.

The NCAA is understandably upset. The U.S. Wrestling Federation won an arbitration by demonstrating it could do a better job of running the sport than the AAU had done. The USOC can certainly use the \$16 million and it hopes the Administration will see fit to allocate the funds in its supplemental budget in January. But the USOC should, in turn, be accountable for its actions. Its refusal to recognize the U.S. Wrestling Federation is undermining an arbitration process that had been set up to assure just such accountability.

SWIFT & BRAVE

Credit one of South Africa's most prominent white athletes with having courageously stood up to apartheid. Johnny Halberstadt, the country's cross-country champion, was outraged when the South African government refused to allow a standout black runner, Matthews Motshwarau, to travel abroad to accept a track scholarship in the U.S. In protest, Halberstadt refused to accept his Springfield Blazer, the most coveted honor that is bestowed on South African amateur athletes. "My conscience would not be easy if I accepted it," he said.

Halberstadt was criticized for his "insulting" action by amateur sports officials and was roundly booed by pro-apartheid spectators at meets. But he was lauded by a number of liberal South African newspapers, one of which, the *Rand Daily Mail*, said, "The worst thing about apartheid in sport is that it is unsportsmanlike." The furor proved embarrassing to the government, which had been trying to convey the impression that it was dismantling apartheid on the playing field, if not in society generally. The government finally issued Motshwarau travel documents, and the 20-year-old runner, who has the 12th-fastest time in the world this year in the 10,000 meters, has arrived in the U.S., where he is trying to decide which school to attend. His air fare to this country was paid by Halberstadt and another white South African distance star, Bernard Rose.

SONS OF FERG

Quick now, what are the first names of 1) the NFL's leading passer, 2) the Notre Dame halfback who is on the verge of breaking the Irish career rushing record, 3) the Winnipeg Jet general manager currently trying to coax Bobby Hull out of retirement, 4) the Los Angeles Dodger catcher who hit 20 home runs this season and 5) the Pittsburgh Penguin center who scored two goals last week in his team's NHL opener? Answers: Joe, Vagas, John, Joe (again) and George. If you had more than two incorrect responses, it's obviously time to brush up on your Ferguson, a big name in sports these days.

THEY SAID IT

● Pat Paolella, catcher on the American University baseball team, describing his ambition in life: "My idea of paradise is to be the bullpen coach for the Toledo Mud Hens, live in a trailer and go fishing with a big chew of tobacco and ripple-sole shoes."

● Terry Kelleher, Everett (Wash.) *Herald* TV columnist, on John McEnroe's claim that John Lloyd is more popular than he is because Lloyd is married to Chris Evert: "McEnroe wouldn't be popular if he were married to Marge Osmond."

● Mike Flanagan, Baltimore Orioles' pitcher: "I could never play in New York. The first time I ever came into a game there, I got in the bullpen car and they told me to lock the doors." **END**



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A SERIES OF UPS AND DOWNS

It was Baltimore vs. Pittsburgh, and both teams vs. the weather as the Orioles soared and the gallant Pirates rallied to stay alive

by RON FIMRITE

CONTINUED





Ah, yes, the World Series of '79. That was the year it snowed, right? Well, close. In spite of miserable weather, Doug DeCinces' home run put Baltimore one up, but the next night Eddie Murray was nailed at the plate by Ed Ott as the Pirates evened it at a game each. Ken Singleton met a similar fate, Pittsburgh's Steve Nicosia making a diving tag, but the Orioles won anyway to move ahead 2-1. And then 3-1, as big Tim Stoddard was tough in relief and with a bat. But Bill Madlock kept the Pirates alive when he rapped out four hits to send the Series shivering back to Baltimore.





It had rained so fiercely and so long on the scheduled opening night of the 1979 World Series that even Commissioner Bowie Kuhn, a man as impervious to inclement weather as Nanook of the North, could see no virtue in exposing the Orioles and Pirates to pneumonia or trench foot. Thus, for the first time in history, a Series opener was postponed. It snowed the following morning, and it rained a little more in the afternoon as temperatures warmed to a notch above freezing. But by game time the ebony skies above Baltimore were leaking only occasional moisture. The night's first hero was Pat Santarone, the Oriole head groundkeeper, who, with a crew of 25, transformed a Memorial Stadium field the consistency of quicksand into a diamond on which a player might stand for moments at a time without sinking to his armpits. This is not to say the field was playable—there were stretches in the outfield, notably where the football benches had been situated during the Colts-Jets game the previous Sunday, that were pure Chesapeake Bay mud—but the chances were fair that no one would drown out there.

The temperature was a rapidly declining 41° at 8:37 p.m. (E.D.T.) when the game began, but in the first inning only the Pirates seemed unable to cope with

the cold and the mire. In the bottom of the first neither Pittsburgh starter Bruce Kison nor Second Baseman Phil Garner could come to grips with the ball, and their team's hopes for a fast start fell from their slippery fingers.

Al Bumbry led off for Baltimore with a looping single, and Mark Belanger, the defensive genius with the .167 batting average, walked. Ken Singleton bounced a double-play ground ball directly at Kison, who, alas, bobbled it and was only able to retire the hitter. Bumbry and Belanger advancing to second and third. Eddie Murray then walked to load the bases. John Lowenstein cracked yet another latent double-play grounder to Garner, who fielded it cleanly enough, but, after experiencing minor difficulty in extracting the ball from his glove, threw it to Leftfielder Bill Robinson. Bumbry and Belanger scored, and Murray advanced to third. "The ball was soaking wet," Garner said later. "My fingers were numb. I couldn't get a grip on it. It was like throwing a bar of soap."

Now Kison victimized himself further. With the count two balls, no strikes on Doug DeCinces, he unloaded a wild pitch, and Murray trotted home with the third run of the inning. DeCinces then slugged a long two-run homer to left to make it 5-0. After poor Kison, a skinny man unfortified with suet against the

cold, allowed Billy Smith a single to right, Manager Chuck Tanner replaced him with Jim Rooker, the first in a succession of capable Pirate relievers who held Baltimore scoreless the rest of the way. "I lost the sensitivity in my pitching hand," Kison said in an explanation reminiscent of Garner's.

Meanwhile, Pittsburgh picked away, a run here, a run there. Willie Stargell's eighth-inning homer put the Pirates within striking distance at 5-4, and it was he who came to bat as the prospective winning run with two out in the ninth. The tying run was on third in the large person of Dave Parker, who had raked Mike Flanagan for his fourth hit—the Pirates' 11th—and had survived a Flanagan pick-off attempt by sliding hard enough into second base to knock the ball loose from Belanger's glove. The count reached 2 and 1 as Flanagan and Stargell confronted each other through clouds of their own breath in the dark midnight air. Flanagan survived. Stargell popped high but harmlessly to Belanger in short left.

Flanagan, a New Hampshire native, said he acclimated easily to the cold. Still, he acknowledged, "When I woke up this morning I thought I'd slept too long and it was December." By hanging on against the chilling presence of Pirate batsmen, he staved off for the time being a long cold winter in Oriole-mad Baltimore.

Pittsburgh's Foh was expecting to be the middle man on an inning-ending double play, but Garner's wild throw into leftfield led to a five-run Baltimore first.





Scoring the winning run on Sanguillen's ninth-inning pinch single and Murray's cutoff, Ott roes the corner of the plate, barely eluding Dempsey's straining tag



When Murray comes to bat, Baltimore zealots send up a tumultuous "Ed-dee, Ed-dee, Ed-dee" liturgy.

He is a popular player who drove home 99 runs this season but, beyond his obvious competence, there is about him an air of anticipation. When Murray is on the field, something will happen, for good or ill. In this game he outdid even himself, figuring importantly in at least five pivotal plays.

After the Pirates moved out to a two-run lead in their half of the second inning on consecutive singles by Stargell, John Milner and Bill Madlock and a sacrifice fly by Ed Ott, Murray scored one for the Orioles with a mighty home run deep into the rightfield bleachers. Then, in the sixth inning, he scored Singleton from first with a scorching double into the leftfield alley to tie the game. Murray moved to third on DeCinces' infield out. The situation was promising for the Orioles: one out and Murray, a fast man, on third, prepared to score on a hit or a sacrifice fly. Lowenstein lined out softly to Parker in medium-deep right. Murray tagged and headed for the plate. Parker's throw was powerful and true, arriving so far in advance of Murray that he could neither elude Catcher Ott's tag with a slide nor crash into Ott in hopes of jarring the ball loose. Instead, Ott rushed

forward, an instance, he said later, of "Mohammed coming to the mountain." The mountain became the third out.

With the score still 2-2 in the eighth, Murray was on second and DeCinces on first with no one out. Lowenstein, instead of sacrificing, hit a ground ball to Shortstop Tim Foli, who was en route to third in the Pittsburgh bunt defense. Arriving just after the ball was—yes indeed—Fast Eddie. Foli attempted to tag him, but Murray jumped back out of reach. Momentarily thwarted, Foli threw to second for the force, and Murray was ultimately tagged out in a rundown between second and third.

The stalemate was broken in an eventful ninth, in which—who else?—Murray was again the protagonist. Ott was on second for the Pirates and Garner on first with two out when Tanner sent 35-year-old Manny Sanguillen in to hit for Pitcher Don Robinson.

A heavy mist, or light rain, had been falling since the seventh inning, and the turf, which had hardened a bit since the first game, was turning to ooze once more. It had been 52" when the game started, but now, more than three hours later, it was as cold as the previous evening. Sanguillen is a notorious bad-ball hitter, and Don Stanhouse, now pitching for Baltimore, is a notorious bad-ball pitcher who seems at his peak after he

has walked the bases loaded. But Stanhouse was on target this time, and he quickly got Sanguillen in a one-ball, two-strike hole. The next pitch was a slider that did not slide, and Sanguillen hit it sharply to rightfield for a single. Singleton scooped the ball out of the mud on one hop and threw hard to the plate in the hope of cutting down the chugging Ott, who is certainly not the fastest Pirate. Enter Murray, now in his defensive role as first baseman. As thousands gasped, he cut off the throw between first and the plate and then wheeled and threw home himself. Ott slid behind Oriole Catcher Rick Dempsey to score the winning run.

Plays such as these are the subject of debate for months afterward. Why did he cut off the throw? Said Murray, "I thought the ball was off line." Said Earl Weaver, "It looked like the ball was dying." Said Dempsey, "You'll never know." Said Tanner, "If the ball had hit that mud out there, it might have stuck." Said Singleton, "It [the ball] would have picked up momentum. He didn't have to move to cut it off. If it's right to him, it's on line." Said Ott: "I never knew the ball had been cut off until I had a slice of clubhouse in my hand later on in the clubhouse. Somebody said, 'Can you believe they cut that ball off?' I said, 'Cut what ball off?'"

continued



Garcia, who was 4-4, pulls into third with the base-clearing triple that put the Birds ahead to stay

WORLD SERIES continued



In every sense except the official, this was not one but two games. The first lasted 2½ innings, ending in a cloudburst at 9:34 p.m.

The second began one hour and seven minutes later and lasted 6½ innings, ending well past midnight under clear, cold skies. The Pirates won the first, 3-2; the Orioles the second, 6-1. Put them together, as the rules require, and they add up to an 8-4 Orioles win, a 2-1 edge for them in the Series and a demoralizing homecoming for the Pirates.

Oriole starter Scott McGregor, a fragile-looking leftfielder from Southern California, was no mystery to Pirate sluggers before the rains came. His bulk in the first inning—an illegal wiggle of the glove, so slight it was hardly detectable on television replay—led to one run, and he gave up two more in the second when Garner drilled a double to left center that scored Stargell and Steve Nicosia. In the 2½-inning game, he allowed three runs and six hits. Then it began to rain, lightly at first, torrentially by the end of the Baltimore half of the third inning. Somehow, Benny Ayala, a surprise starter in

Weaver's all righthand-hitting lineup against Pirate lefty John Candelaria, propelled a two-run homer through the downpour before time was called and the tarpaulin was trotted out. Players retreated to the warmth of their locker rooms; fans, not so lucky, milled about in the corridors outside the stadium, and ABC switched to *Barney Miller*.

After the deluge, the game had gone out of Candelaria and the Pirates. The



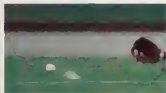
Weaver's moves were worth shouting about

Orioles effectively wrapped things up with a five-run fourth inning, highlighted by a bases-loaded triple by another obscure starter, Kiko Garcia. Garcia, whose only previous distinction was that his birthplace, Martinez, Calif., is the same as Joe DiMaggio's, batted in a fourth run with a single in the seventh to raise his Series batting average to .800. In the regular season he hit .247 and drove in only 24 runs in 417 times at bat. But playing infield, he also made 27 errors in 126 games, a negative statistic that led Weaver to replace him in the late innings of close games by the still nearly flawless Belanger. Belanger had started the two previous Series games, the first because of his much greater postseason experience, the second because one of the few pitchers he does hit is the Pirates' Bert Blyleven, the starter that night. Belanger was hitless in both games. The Orioles, for that matter, had scored only twice since their five-run outburst in Inning 1 of Game 1. Weaver obviously concluded it was time for a little offense, so Garcia started at short, and Gary Roenicke went to center, Ayala to left and Rich Dauer to second. The result bears witness to Weaver's reputed genius, as Oriole base hits skipped over the rain-slick Tartan Turf like stones off a pond.

For his part, McGregor tormented Pirate hitters with his variable-speed deliveries. His most effective pitch may, in fact, be his changeup. And his explanation for his unpromising first three innings may be comprehended only by a pitcher who features this off-speed pitch: "I had a whole week to get strong. I had too much strength, so my change was too hard. Its speed was too close to my fastball. The hitters weren't getting out in front of it the way I'd like them to. Besides, I guess I pitch pretty well after rain delays. We get enough of those in Baltimore."

McGregor gave up only one run after the rain delay, but he came within inches of giving up many more. In the fifth, Singleton caught Parker's long drive with his back up against the 375-foot sign in right, and in the sixth Nicosia and Garner hit back-to-back shots that carried to the fence. "Zippo is what we got on all three," said Garner. The Pirates seemed disconsolate after this loss. They had beaten the Orioles in their home park and were hoping for a sweep at home. Instead, zippo.

SWINGING IN THE RAIN



Into each life some rain must fall, but the Series had more than its share. Water was mopped up by machine and hand, but more fell, causing fans to huddle under makeshift shelters and baseballs to bring up spray. Bill Kuhn stayed happy and said, "Play ball."





Crowley's two-run pinch double was a winner

WORLD SERIES continued



With his team trailing 4-3 in the third inning, Orioles pinch-hitting ace Terry Crowley turned to fellow reservist Lowenstein in the dugout and said, prophetically, "I can see right now it'll be you, me and Kelly." It was. At least it was Lowenstein and Crowley. Pat Kelly did get an inconsequential, if disputed, infield pinch hit in the seventh inning, but Lowenstein and Crowley provided the ammunition for what Weaver calls his "loaded gun" bench. They and tall Tim Stoddard, a pitcher who rarely pitches and never hits, more than likely shot Pirate hopes to kingdom come in this, the first day game of the Series. At least it started out as a day game. When it ended three hours and 48 minutes later, the lights were on in chilly Three Rivers. It was the longest nine-inning game in World Series history and, therefore, joined the opening game of this Series, which, at three hours, 18 minutes, was the longest Series night game, in the record book.

No matter how long it took, it was a demoralizing loss for the Pirates, who saw a four-run lead evaporate in the early innings, a three-run lead disappear toward the end. Pittsburgh's first four

runs were scored in the second on Stargell's homer to dead center, a single by Milner, consecutive ground-rule doubles by Madlock and Ott and singles by Garner and Omar Moreno. But Garcia, rapidly becoming the Bucky Dent of 1979, doubled home two runs in the third and scored himself on Singleton's double. The Pirates kept their distance with single runs in the fifth and sixth off Steve Stone, pitching in relief. Their own starter, Jim Bibby, had struck out seven in the first six innings. Then in the eighth, with one out, the Orioles loaded the bases off Reliever Robinson, and Tanner called cadaverous Kent Tekulve in from the bullpen. Tekulve had retired nine straight hitters in the previous two Series games, but this time Weaver was ready for him. He had intentionally withheld his star lefthanded pinch hitters in the hope that they would get a shot at the long-armed sidewinder.

Tekulve's whiplash delivery is anathema to righthanded hitters. Still, when he was in the minor leagues, he had been urged to switch to an overhand motion, the theory being that he would be prey for lefthanders who would have too long a look at his sidearm pitches. His remarkable success—31 saves in 94 appearances this year—pretty well silenced the theorists. All, that is, except Weaver.

Lowenstein, who won the Orioles' first playoff game with a pinch homer, was the first gunner. Batting for the righthanded Roenicke, he worked the count to 2-2 and then doubled past a groping Stargell down the rightfield line, to drive in two runs and reduce the Pirate lead to 6-5. Billy Smith, another Weaver pinch hitter, was walked intentionally to load the bases and set up a double-play possibility. Tekulve's fastball sinks naturally, so ground balls are common when he works. The next batter, to Tekulve's ultimate sorrow, was, however, the fore-sighted Crowley, a .317 hitter in 63 at bats this season.

As Weaver would say later, Crowley was in the right spot at the right time. He took Tekulve to a 2-2 count, as Lowenstein had before him; then, just as his benchmate had done, he doubled down the rightfield line to score the tying and winning runs. The excitement must have been too much for Weaver, because he now let his pitcher, Stoddard, hit for himself, and Stoddard had never before swung a bat in the major leagues. But



Just before, Lowenstein's smash scored two

Weaver wanted Stoddard to stay in the game, so he might hold his two more heralded late-inning relievers, lefty Tippy Martinez and righty Stanhouse, in ready reserve. Weaver told Stoddard to take a couple of strikes and then shift for himself. In fact, Weaver hoped Stoddard would not make enough contact to end the inning with a double play. Stoddard borrowed a bat from Lowenstein and a batting helmet from Singleton and, disobeying all instructions, hit Tekulve's first pitch on a high bounce over Third Baseman Madlock's head to score the insurance run. It was his first hit in professional baseball. Bumby knocked in one more run for good measure, and Stoddard put the Pirates, most definitely a subdued group of players, down in the eighth and ninth.

The game represented a personal triumph for Weaver, who has lately taken to brushing aside encomiums on his genius "This ain't so hard," he will say, blushing. His players think differently. "Earl seems to pull everybody out of the bat at the right time," said Lowenstein, one of those pulled out this day. "I will go home tonight saying I didn't miss any moves," Weaver finally conceded. "At least I don't think I did."

He can rest assured that he did not. Not a one.



Under less than ideal circumstances, the "real" Pirates made their first appearance of the Series—and not a moment too soon. Down three games to one after two embarrassing losses at home, they finally put their well-publicized act together and sprayed the tundra of Three Rivers with line drives that, considering the frigid climate, might for once be called frozen ropes with some degree of accuracy. Afield, they thwarted the big-inning Orioles with acrobatic double plays. And the pitching of the 37-year-old Rooker, the starter, and Blyleven, his relief, was exemplary. Almost everyone in the frozen stadium half expected the Orioles to burst forth with one of their crazy-quilt four- or five-run innings, but this time they would be denied.

For five innings, this was a brisk, efficient pitching duel between the red-haired Rooker and Flanagan's relievers—Stoddard, Tippy Martinez and Stanhouse—after Iron Mike left for a pinch hitter in the seventh. It was not as if the Pirates had been hitting nothing but pop fouls in the previous games. In fact, they had 46 hits through Game 4. It was just that, unlike their opponents, they had been squandering their hits in meaningless situations. This time they made them count. In the sixth they got a pair of runs on two hits, singles by Parker and Madlock, who finished the day 4 for 4. Stargell accounted for one run with a sacrifice fly, and Madlock another with a shot to centerfield that brought Parker in from third. Pittsburgh scored twice more in the seventh, this time on three

hits, the most important being Foli's triple into a narrow slice of open field between Bumby and Singleton in right center. The two outfielders were playing shallow against the choke-hitting right-handed Foli, and with Moreno on second, Foli simply poked it into the void. Parker then hit a much more substantial double to left center to score Foli. The Pirates scored three more on four hits in the eighth, with Foli again the hero. With the bases loaded, he slashed a hard grounder that Garcia got a glove on but could not hold. Two runs scored.

The Orioles had few chances, and when they did, the Pirates took them away. In the eighth Bumby walked with one out, but Garner made a diving stop of Singleton's hard smash and converted it into a double play. Foli was defiant after the game. "We buried ourselves," he said of the earlier losses. "It's up to us to get ourselves out now."

The team may also have gained strength from Tanner, who managed them in this critical game despite the death that morning of his mother, Anne. "We had no idea," said Parker. "You would never have known it, looking at him. He kept the club stable with his example."

THE

THE

In a double play Pittsburgh didn't botch, Garner roamed behind second and ripped the ball to an onrushing Foli, who hustled DeCinces as he threw to first



IT'S THANK GOODNESS FOR GOODSON IN TEXAS

A walk-on kicker outscored Oklahoma as the 'Horns hooked a 16-7 win **by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY**



Things were in chaos last Thursday around the Austin home of Texas football Coach Fred Akers. The problem was that when two of Akers' children, Lesh and Stacey, came home after school they saw their dad's Cadillac still in the driveway. Normally at this time of day it would be parked outside his office. Inside, the coffee pot was still plugged in—the one thing Akers does do around the house is unplugging the coffee—and there were their father's car keys lying on the kitchen counter.

The girls immediately assumed that Akers had been kidnapped on the eve of the Texas-Oklahoma game—sort of like the Navy goat. "This is awful," wailed 12-year-old Stacey. "They can't play the game without him." At which time Fred's wife, Diane, arrived home from a tennis match, listened to the hysteria and said, "Have you checked the closets?" A search ensued, but Fred was no closet case. The pool bottom also was empty.

As it turned out, Akers had got locked out of the house in the morning while all his family was gone, and he had been forced to call one of his assistants to come after him. Later, at dinner, a spirited discussion transpired between Diane and Fred over the circumstances of the coach being locked out and whose responsibility it is to see that he has his keys with him when he walks out the door.

But if Akers was short of keys on Thursday, he found all he needed by Saturday as his unbeaten Longhorns, AP's No. 4-ranked team, unlocked all the secrets of No. 3-ranked Oklahoma. The final score was 16-7, and the victory marked the second time in Akers' three years as Texas coach that the 'Horns have won in one of the liveliest rivalries in college football. "Folks don't take this game real serious down here," says one fan, "but they will kill for it." More significantly, the victory thrust Texas into serious contention for the national championship.

Up in Norman earlier in the week, Sooners Coach Barry Switzer had analyzed the game. "The difference almost always is who has the best defense," he said. "And if it all should come down to

kicking, we'll lose. See, there's this funny thing about football. The best team usually wins."

As a prophet, Switzer gets an A-plus. The seasoned Texas defense—yearning to be recognized as the nation's toughest—demonstrated its mettle by limiting the heretofore high-powered Oklahoma offense, which had averaged 442 yards in its first four games, to only 158 yards, including a depressing 30 passing. In the process, the Longhorns shut down Billy Sims: the 1978 Heisman Trophy winner gained only 73 yards in 20 tries, the fewest for him in 14 games dating back to September 1978.

The Texas defensive tackles—255-pound Steve McMichael and 255-pound Bill Aker, both from tiny (pop. 2,804) Freer, Texas—played absolutely brilliantly. "All we had to do was tackle," said McMichael, who was in on 10 tackles and forced one turnover. "When the ball moved, we moved. It was all pretty

simple." Indeed, the Texas coaching staff had simplified its defensive plan for this game in hope of encouraging more basic, hard-nosed, lights-out football. After the game, in which he had a hand in seven tackles and made a key fumble recovery, Aker said, "They rely on blocking us tackles, and they didn't do it." Through it all, Texas Strong Safety Ricky Churchman was his usual ornery self, putting big hits on Sims that repeatedly let the air out of the Sooners star. Asked if he thought his performance had cost him the 1979 Heisman, Sims said, "I don't care. I have one already. We still have a chance to win the Big Eight title ... that's what matters."

With the scoreless rampaging Sooners, who had scored 182 points in winning four of four before meeting Texas, being held in check, the game's pivotal point came when Oklahoma field-goal kicker John Hoge missed a 37-yard attempt in the third quarter that would

continued

Steve McMichael draws a bead on Heisman winner Billy Sims, whom the Horns held to 73 yards



John Goodson's bare foot was good for field goals of 37, 23 and 38 yards and an extra point



Defensive Back Hatchett's interception late in the second quarter set up the Texas touchdown

TEXAS VS. OKLAHOMA *continued*

have brought the Sooners back to a 10-10 tie and very likely replenished their spirits. This was precisely the kind of failure Switzer had feared. Meanwhile, Texas field-goal kicker John Goodson was having extraordinary success. Goodson walked on last season and asked Akers, who was looking for a successor to the nonpareil Russell Enkleben, if he could try out. Upon seeing Goodson kick, Akers was horrified—first, to find that he was a soccer-style booter and, second, to discover that he was another of the barefoot boys, two things football coaches understand not at all. But after Goodson showed his stuff, Akers was impressed and told him he could stay

around. Fortunate, that, for in four games Goodson has succeeded on 12 of 15 field-goal attempts to lead the nation. He was 3 for 3 against Oklahoma. A familiar phrase from Akers these days is "Thank goodness for Goodson."

How was Goodson able to come into the Texas-Oklahoma game and perform so well when he had never placekicked in college before this year?

"I'm not a nervous person."

Why no show of emotion after the one that seed the win?

"I never jumped up and down after a field goal before. Why should I now?"

So everything was perfect?

"Oh, no. I could have kicked all of

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER READ MILLER

them right through the middle. But I didn't."

Finally, Switzer also was correct when he said the best team would win. When Texas Center Wes Hubert was asked if his team was better, he responded thoughtfully, "Well, we played better."

The defense certainly did. And for the fourth week in a row, the Texas offense—it had 350 net yards against Oklahoma—ran crazy. Until it got into scoring position. Then it took sick. Counting Saturday's one touchdown against the Sooners, the Longhorns have managed only six TDs all year, hardly a championship total. Thank goodness for Goodson. There is concern about the lack of touchdowns, but the Longhorns try not to point fingers. "We all win or we all lose," Defensive Coordinator Leon Fuller says. "If the offense is not doing it, then it's up to the defense. It's like in a footrace, you don't say, 'Boy, my right leg did great, but my left leg was a little slow.'" And the offense did move the ball well enough to maintain lengthy possession—Texas had the ball for 80 plays; Oklahoma 49—and give the defense plenty of rest.

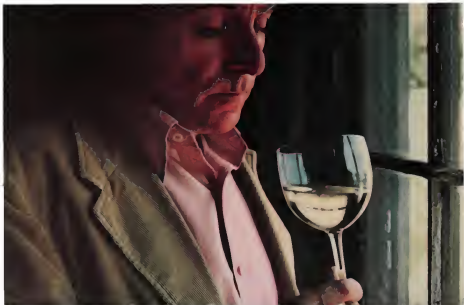
In the pregame frenzy, nobody was resting. At a raucous pep rally in Austin, Akers assured the students that all that was involved was "personal pride, university pride and state pride." Darrell Royal, Texas' athletic director, said "For this week, your palms are more moist, your mouth is drier, your hair stands out straight on the back of your neck. Hell, look how excited I am. I don't talk this fast normally. Every motion and emotion I have is speeded up."

So, perhaps this annual Cotton Bowl confrontation has got too big? "Interesting," said Royal. "You work hard to get big, and then you reach some point where you say, 'Maybe football is not meant to be this big.' But if you're not this big, then you're off in the corner sulking and sucking your thumb because you ain't."

Whatever, downtown Dallas continues to go mad on the eve of the Texas-Oklahoma game. At one point last Friday night, a line of drunks were handcuffed together by the cops, and the first one fell over, creating a fascinating domino effect.

While the rest of the city went bananas, Akers had his football players holed up in a Dallas hotel, where he was applying psychology. "What we're talking about is passin' out headaches and black

continued



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eyes, men," he said. "We like it that way. For winners like us, there is no excuse good enough to keep us from what we want. There are no excuses. Only real fighters should have the privilege of playing in this game. It's gonna be tough out there because we're gonna make it that way. All you have to do is refuse to give in to self-pity. Every time you get knocked down, get up twice."

On Saturday morning Akers gathered his charges for one last assault on their minds, saying, "It must feel good to know you have teammates who are as good as you are. We can weave a web with our kicking game that they can't get out of." Elsewhere, Switzer was exhorting his charges to "fight your guts out." At which point, one of his players, Tight End Forrest Valora, raced onto the field and collided with a TV cameraman filming—of all things—*The Barry Switzer Show*. It took six stitches in the forehead to put Valora together again.

The 'Horns offense got off to a typical start. Directed by sophomore Quarterback Donnie Little and relying on Halfback Jam Jones, who carried nine times for 45 yards in the Longhorns' 54-yard, 14-play first-quarter drive, Texas moved up the field. But then the 'Horns became frightened of their own shadow when they got to the Oklahoma 13. Cool Hand Goodson came in and kicked a 37-yard field goal to salvage three points. In the ensuing series, Oklahoma failed to move and was forced to punt. The kick was fumbled by the normally reliable Johnnie Johnson, and the Sooners' Ken Sitton recovered the ball on the Texas 16. Three plays later Oklahoma Quarterback J. C. Watts connected on an 11-yard pass play over the middle to freshman Fullback Stanley Wilson for the go-ahead touchdown. It was a nifty play named "The Freddie Akers Special" because it was designed to take advantage of Texas' aggressive rush defense.

Late in the second quarter Watts attempted another pass, but he was leveled by McMichael as he threw, and the ball headed toward Texas Cornerback Derrick Hatchett. "When I saw the pass thrown, I thought it was an excellent opportunity for me to do something good," said Hatchett, who ran the interception back 36 yards to the Oklahoma five. Three plays later Little, using a play he had not called before this season, connected with Tight End Steve Hall for the two-yard score. Oddly, it was Hall's first

reception in two seasons. And ironically, Hall is one of only two Oklahomans on the Texas roster; Oklahoma has 23 Texans, including Sims. Hall's reception gave Texas a 10-7 lead.

The play also helped vindicate Little, a sophomore who keenly feels the criticism he has received for not getting his team into the end zone often. In his defense, Little has been troubled with a sprained thumb on his throwing hand since the Longhorns' 21-0 win over Missouri on Sept. 29. Evaluating his performance against Oklahoma, Little said, "I was fine, good, O.K.—but not great." That's a fair self-evaluation. Several times Little missed glorious opportunities to run for big yardage when he passed instead. But he has overcome his tendency of last year to fumble. "Before each game, I review my own game plan with myself—fumbling is not in it," Little says. Akers, meanwhile, keeps Little pumped up. "He's a winner. That's why he's my quarterback," Akers says.

At halftime Akers was not only thinking of victory but of domination. "Men, just because it's tough doesn't mean it has to be close," he said. "You'll have 'em suckin' wad in the fourth quarter."

Midway in the third quarter came the key Sooner field-goal miss. Meanwhile, Texas continued acting just like Texas. With 3:43 remaining, Linebacker Robin Sendlein made a blind-side hit on Watts as Watts dropped back to pass. The ball popped up—right into the hands of Akers, who returned it two yards to the Oklahoma 22. But the 'Horns failed to make a first down on fourth-and-one at the Oklahoma 13 and handed the ball over without even getting a field-goal try.

In the fourth quarter Texas marched again, from its own 35 to the Sooner six, whereupon Goodson booted a 23-yard field goal—a bit to the right of dead center, it should be noted. Moments later Sims fumbled and End Tim Campbell, Earl's little brother, jumped on it. Texas got the ball to the Oklahoma 11 this time. Is it really necessary to explain what happened this time, or are you getting the drift? O.K., you-know-who

lacked another you-know-what from 38 yards to make it 16-7.

Throughout the afternoon Texas' Jam Jones continued to shred the Oklahoma defense as he led all rushers with 127 yards on 31 carries. Like Goodson, Jones was calm. "I'm not a person that gets overwhelmed by anything," he said.

But it was all overwhelming enough to send Akers clambering atop a folding table in the locker room after the game. "This was no fluke," said Akers, correctly. "You can use this win as a springboard to whatever you want in this country." That's as close as Akers would get to alluding to a national championship. It was at this point that Texas Governor William P. Clements showed up to slip in front of the television cameras and announced that in a bet on the game with Oklahoma Governor George Nigh, he had won a buffalo. Nobody much cared, but when the Governor said he would have the buffalo barbecued for the players, interest perked right up.

And much later, upon returning to his Austin home—keys firmly in hand—Akers opened the door, made himself a pot of coffee and sat down with the pleased expression of a man who had just done precisely what he had intended to do all along. Which is easy if you remember the keys.

END



Jam Jones wouldn't quit, gaining 127 yards on 31 carries

IN THE LONG RUN, IT'S GRETE

Norway's Grete Waltz will be returning this Sunday to defend her New York Marathon championship by KENNY MOORE

Summer woods, dripping and fragrant. Trails of sand and sawdust, smooth from the rain, lead through blueberries and fern, rising over smooth humps of granite. The ridges, carved by glaciers, run north and south, with lakes between, their waters dark with conifers' shadow,

evoking Norse legend. In the mind's eye the remains of Grendel lie wedged beneath sunken logs and stones.

The trail goes for miles, its severity of rock and evergreen drawing the runner on, farther and farther from Oslo. So long as the day is cool and wet, few people



are to be seen, but with the midmorning sun appear elderly couples in walking sheets and ten dresses, backpackers with dogs on leashes. The slanting shafts of light sometimes fall upon bare girls, glowing brown behind veils of fireweed. Gray-ing, wiry runners trot slowly but with radiant purpose, as if they don't mean to stop until they reach Trondheim or Stavanger.

With such terrain and a tradition of rigorous sport, it seems a wonder that Norway has not produced more fine runners than it has, but, of course, for five months of the year this land lies beneath snow. Then the trails are used for cross-

country skiing. Runners, if they don't simply quit and ski through the winter, must go to the hard and treacherous road.

Grete Waitz does. Those are the days when she rises at 5, hours before the northern dawn, and pushes out into the cold and wind. "Don't run with her in the morning," says Arne Kvalheim, a former Olympic 1,500-meter runner and now an Oslo city councilman. "She runs too fast. A 5:45 mile pace right out the front door." Then during the day Waitz teaches physical education, Norwegian and English to secondary students at Bjølsen School in one of Oslo's tougher neighborhoods. The lights has again failed by the time she joins her husband Jack, an accountant, for her evening training, which may be an hour of repeated charges up a snow-swept hill, weighted by two or three sweat suits, seeing no more than a stride or two ahead, her breath snapping in the 10-below-zero air.

"There is no sense of sacrifice," she says, "except sometimes in the summer. When it is warm and sunny, it's hard for me to run. I'd rather go on a holiday instead. But in the winter, I go early to bed, I get up and run. I like it, the way I live, but I find I can't explain the satisfaction to people who do not run."

Perhaps the way to start is to mention the achievements founded upon all that cold, dark work. Waitz has won the world cross-country championship the last two years, by 30 seconds each time. In July of this year she ran 3,000 meters in 8:31.8, a time second only to the 8:27.1 world record of the U.S.S.R.'s Lyudmila Bragina, and she won the 1977 World Cup at 3,000 meters, the longest regularly contested track race for women. On the road, Waitz has covered the popular 10-kilometer distance in a world-best 31:15.4, again half a minute better than any other woman. In her only marathon, the New York race of a year ago, Waitz broke the world record by more than two minutes with her 2:32:30, a time that seems but a hint of her true potential.

Knut Kvalheim, Arne's brother and the Norwegian men's 10,000-meter record holder, is the man who got Waitz in-

terested in her first marathon, and he believes that if conditions are right this Sunday in New York when she returns to try her second, she will run in the vicinity of 2:25. Statistics support him. A ratio of other good marathoners' times for the 10,000 meter shows that they all slow down by a factor of 8% to 10% in the longer race. Granting Waitz the liberal rate of a 10% slower pace than she maintains over 10,000 meters, she still figures to complete the full 26-mile 385-yard marathon distance in 2:25:07.

The element that has allowed Waitz to so embarrass prior long-distance records is her speed, not necessarily raw sprinter's power—that she doesn't have—but an ability to sustain a high percentage of her maximum pace over all kinds of distances. This she developed in a 10-year career as a middle-distance runner, and she has taken her records by such margins in part because she is the first international-class woman miler and 3,000-meter runner to attempt the 10,000 and marathon seriously.

Waitz was born Grete Andersen in Oslo 26 years ago. Her father was a manufacturing pharmacist, and her mother worked in a grocery shop. "I always liked sport," she says; she had gone from handball to gymnastics to track before she was 12. She ran the sprints at first, rising to "the longer distances" of 400 and 800 meters when she was 15. Her chief aspiration was a neighbor, Terje Pedersen, who in 1964 was the first man ever to throw the javelin more than 300 feet. "He was my hero," says Waitz now, smiling at the memory. "I joined the same club, I wanted to please him so much."

"As a child I understood I was better in the 800 than the 400. As I trained I got no faster, only stronger. By 1972 I was running the 800 and 1,500, and I saw I was better in the 1,500, so I trained more and more but still got no faster, just stronger."

In 1974 she was third in the European championship 1,500, by then fitting the classically frustrating mold of a solid miler without a kick. The next year she set a world record of 8:46.6 for 3,000 meters, but as the Olympics do not include even that modest distance (about 240 yards short of two miles) for women, she was forced back to the 1,500, where she

continued

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TERENCE SPENCER



Though she'd never run a marathon, Waitz took 2:18 off the women's record in her first attempt



WAITZ *continued*

made the semifinals in Montreal but not the finals.

Until 1978, Waitz' career developed much as those of earlier women runners whose natural gifts were in the direction of endurance but who found no chance for full expression on the track. A close parallel is Doris Brown Heritage, of Seattle, five-time world cross-country champion between 1967 and 1971, who was forced to run 800 meters in the 1968 Olympics because at that time it was the longest race permitted to women. Brown Heritage finished fifth in 2:03.9. At the peak of her fitness, Brown Heritage incorporated training runs of as much as 30 miles in her routine, and surely would have run a marathon in the low 2:30s, but women didn't run marathons in 1968.

Ten years later women did, having embraced the distance by the thousands, and so when it occurred to Knut Kvalheim and Jack Waitz that Grete for once ought to discover what she could do at a real distance, there was New York's invitation. "It came at a good time," says Waitz, "after the European championship, when I was getting back into some distance training, but I really came because I had never seen New York City. I had no idea how I would do. I had never run more than 18 miles in training."

Always an intelligent runner, Waitz carefully followed the pace of West Ger-

many's Christa Vahlensieck, the record holder at 2:34:48, and let brave and ambitious American Marty Cooksey run to a substantial lead by 10 miles. Across the Queensborough Bridge, with 10 miles to go, Waitz struck out after Cooksey, caught her on the long pull north on First Avenue, and carried on through the Bronx, Harlem and into Central Park, driving herself the way she had learned on the track, her face impassive, her eyes often directed at an angle slightly above the road in a manner suggesting supplication, her attention fixed on the alarming pain the pounding was creating in her thighs. Though she ran the second half of the race four minutes faster than the first, the finish came just in time.

"I couldn't have gone much farther," she says now. "I couldn't run for three days afterward. I even had trouble walking. Maybe I ran well because I didn't know how terrible it is, the pain after 30 kilometers. Now that I understand what a marathon is, maybe this year I will run slower."

Maybe, but it is hard to imagine Waitz slacking off once she has committed herself to a race. Her career and her life reflect a harsh set of imperatives. "I'll never stop running, but the hard training and the competition call for intensity. Once you know international racing, you can't just ease off a bit. It has to be one or the other: as hard as you can, or just for fun."

Jack Waitz, whom Grete married in

1975, believes that she might have quit if she hadn't discovered road racing. Grete allows that she had difficulty with "motivation" in 1974 and 1975, but credits Jack himself with being the key to her continuing. "If not for him I wouldn't be running today. He's interested, he's there to discuss training and tactics, he picks me up in the wintertime. If he should choose only to sit inside beside the fire and I have to go out running... well, I would not do that."

Grete is a private person, "seeking the quiet," she says, "especially coming home from a whole day of noisy children," but out of the calm interior she is careful to preserve comes a fine, independent resolve. "She isn't easily molded. She wouldn't have thrived in any more structured system," says Jack, thinking of the Eastern European ways of Total Sport. "Hers must be as normal a life as possible. She is very bright, she always got the best marks in school and was the youngest applicant accepted for the teachers' college. She prepared for teaching as carefully as for running, and it is just as important to her."

The opportunities posed by the running boom are so compelling, however, that Grete is taking this year off from teaching "to travel, to say yes to lots of invitations in the U.S., Australia, Czechoslovakia. You can always work as a teacher but you can't always run." Such is her devotion to her own way that she refuses the stipend offered world-class ath-

Running beside a dark lake, Waitz follows her training regimen with unyielding determination

letes by the Norwegian Amateur Athletic Federation to help with training expenses. "If I accept the money, I cannot help it, I feel pressured to pay it back in good results," she says. "Now I run for myself and I feel free."

One thing Waitz is decidedly not free to do is display her talent and training before an Olympic audience, unless, of course, she would care to return to the struggles of the 1,500 meters. Recently the brothers Kvalheim (along with half the population of Oslo) discussed Waitz' plight. Arne maintaining, "If she changed her training, I'm sure she could run the 1,500 in 3:54." (The world record is 3:56 by Tatyana Kazankina of the U.S.S.R.) Knut said, "I can understand her feeling that she has gotten to be the best in the world at her natural distances. So why should she be expected to sacrifice that to run something too short for her? Let the international officials come to their senses and put in 5,000 meters for women, at least."

Waitz, considering these points of view, agrees. "I probably could get near 3:55 with a year of intensive speed training. But I believe you will need to run a 3:55 just to make the final in the Moscow Olympics. If I had never been in an Olympics, I would try for the 1,500. But I have been in two Olympics, and I have decided I won't do all that kind of training that I don't like to maybe be in the final. I have found my way of training, and I want to stick to it. So, since I cannot feel right about going to an Olympics with no chance to represent my country as best I can, I shall not run in Moscow."

Perhaps, as with her startling examples of what women can achieve in distance running, Waitz will further enhance the cause of equity of opportunity by her absence. The vacuum left by the world's most celebrated female distance runner will serve as eloquent protest. The timing would be apt, because it will be in Moscow during the 1980 Games that the International Amateur Athletic Federation Congress may try to take the first steps toward parity by voting to replace the women's 3,000 meters with the 5,000 and adding the 10,000 and marathon to its major competitions (the 1981 World Cup and 1983 World Championships).

Such action is not at all sure to be taken because many on the IAAF do not believe women's distances are yet contested in enough countries to warrant inclusion in its programs. But should that change be implemented, it would then be up to the still more hidebound, all-male IOC to place those races in the Games. An IOC vote might well be a reflection, not of women's ability to run distance, but of much of the Third World's view of women as beings of secondary importance. One hope remains, however: that of the Eastern European nations coming to see the handwriting on the wall. The U.S. and Western European women continue to improve at the longer distances (as illustrated by the U.S. women's team victory in this spring's world cross-country championship in Ireland), enjoying a growing edge over the Soviets and East Germans, who encourage only Olympic events. It is in the latter's competitive interest to get the women's distances in the big international meets now, when they can start roughly even with the West.

Waitz is without illusion that the IOC will be quickly persuaded to add the distances to the Games. "It won't be easy. The arguments have all been tried. I think for many people anything new takes getting used to. In 1973 when we first ran the 3,000 here in Oslo, lots of journalists said it was terrible, it wasn't 'pretty' to see the women getting tired. That changed when I set a world record in it in 1975. Everybody loved it then." Indeed, this spring when Grete ran in the Norwegian cross-country championship, held on the grassy hills near the Ostertjovann bird sanctuary, 3,000 people came out to watch her win, and 1,500 promptly went home satisfied, ignoring the men's race.

Waitz is hailed by her road-racing competition as an inspiring view of what is to come. "She's teaching us what it is to train like serious athletes," says Patti Lyons, who finished second to Joan Benoit in last April's Boston Marathon. In her concentration, her cool grace, her coiled-spring hardness, Waitz is a riveting symbol of uncompromised excellence, and the message is taking hold.

Blessed with a progressive society and an encouraging husband, Waitz has little sense of herself as a campaigner for the right to fully develop one's gifts. Oslo, which frequently sees world records set in its Bislett Stadium, never has had an

exercise boom because its citizens have never stopped exercising. "People walk in the woods and to work, and ski in the winter," she says. "The common man is much more fit than in the U.S." Norwegians do not worship their champions so much as they respectfully emulate them. Waitz finds the mass runs in the U.S., such as the 14,000-strong New York Marathon, strangely antic, the running mania as far out of proportion as was the country's earlier indifference to running. Too, the surge to women's road running, she feels, with its emphasis on high training mileages, is not necessarily best for performances. "The main difference between me and the other girls is simply that I have more speed, more tempo. Girls training now don't do enough speed or track training. They are running long all the time."

Even though road races have proved to be her forte, Waitz remains steadfast in her judgment that track and cross-country are more important. She has changed nothing in her training to prepare for her second marathon. "No really long runs," she says. "Rather than the two hours at a time that the others do, I prefer an hour in the morning, another hour in the evening." Her goals are private, but she will tolerate some brief speculation about how rapidly she may be able to run 10,000 meters. Thirty minutes would be a historic pinnacle, as Pavo Nurmi was never able to run that fast (he set a world record of 30:06.2 in 1924). Waitz' 31:15.4 was done on the road on a warm day in June in New York's L'eggs Mini-Marathon over a hilly course, and she set her own pace all the way. "It's mentally easier on the road," says Waitz, "but Jack says running in spikes on a level track on a cool evening will be faster, and running with men, it will not feel like 25 laps."

"Maybe 30:30," says Jack with a tender expression. "The only question is, will she ever do it?"

This seems a bow to the quiet internal workings of Grete, a willingness to wait for her resolve to crystallize. It conforms with her own assessment of herself, that she will get to these things when she is ready.

"Sometimes people look at me and because I am not always smiling and laughing, they think I am sad. I'm not sad. I'm not. I'm maybe a little cool. Not impulsive, but controlled. That's the word. Controlled."

END

WHAT'LL IT BE, THE MAT OR THE MET?

Four-hundred pound Erland van Lidth de Juede has a problem deciding whether he'd rather be a famous basso-baritone or a medal-winning Olympic wrestler **by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY**

Doing a bridge to strengthen his neck muscles is not Erland's idea of fun. But hardly any sort of exercise is, especially running, which he says hurts his feet



Some people are so narrow-minded that they have to stack their thoughts vertically," the large man says. "They can see through a keyhole with both eyes." And with that, this man who has a mind as broad as all outdoors—and a body to match—accepts an invitation to sing in the tiny Greenwich Village restaurant where he is dining. Understand, this is no piano-bar drunk getting up to do *I Left My Heart in San Francisco*.



Erland van Lidth de Jeude has an operatic bass-baritone voice of impressive quality and promise. And when he stands, his hand resting lightly on the baby grand at Bunchi & Margherita—where the main fare is opera à la carte, sometimes served by the customers—he commands attention.

At 6' 6" and 400 pounds, Erland, 25, does turn heads; he can also do pretty much what he wants. Which explains why he recently unabashedly walked up to a fellow puffing away on a New York subway under a sign prohibiting smoking, snatched the cigarette from the man's mouth and snarled, "That 'no smoking' sign also applies to illiterates."

As Erland sings, the feeling comes not just from his heart but also from his soul. From deep in his soul. His audience of perhaps 75 people is enthralled—save the boorish table of eight back by the kitchen—as he sings *Non più andrai* from *The Marriage of Figaro* and Gremm's aria from *Eugene Onegin*. Afterward the cheers are long and loud, and he accepts them like a man who knows he deserves them.

Why not? The only thing bigger than Erland is his ego. That explains how he had the nerve to try out for crew when he first enrolled at MIT, even though he knew he could not possibly fit into a shell. "Erland assumes that he can do everything," says his 280-pound brother Philip, 27, who sings with the Lyric Opera of Chicago. "Sometimes that's very hard to live with."

Not for Erland. He is sure of quite a number of things. Among them: that he will be performing with the Metropolitan Opera in a few years; that he will become a movie star (currently he can be seen in *The Wanderers*, in which he plays the part of a Bronx gang leader named Terror. His best line: "If I had a dog with a face like yours, I'd shave its ass and teach it to walk backward"); and that he will someday own his own computer company. But of all his certainties, he is surest that he will be a member of the U.S. Olympic wrestling team next year.

Asked what he thinks of when he hears van Lidth de Jeude's name, national wrestling coach Stan Dzedzic says, "A 400-pound canary."

Erland's mother, Eveline, sits in the Ridgefield, Conn. family home, in a room containing two baby grand pianos and one upright piano, and calls her son's in-

terest in wrestling "a strange devotion." Indeed, there are no trophies visible anywhere in the house because, Erland says, "First she'd have to tell her friends I was a wrestler, then she'd have to apologize for it."

As for Erland, does he think he can win a gold medal in Moscow?

"A possibility."

A medal of any color?

"Ah, now that is quite possible."

In truth, it's an iffy proposition. Jim Peckham, athletic director at Emerson College and a veteran international coach, says, "Erland is so loaded with talent that he doesn't understand himself. He could make an Olympic team, but it would mean dropping everything else."

Wil Chassey, Erland's wrestling coach at MIT, says, "He knows what he has to do. Now we'll just see if he wants to. He's good enough." One of Erland's rivals, 250-pound Greg Wojciechowski, says, "You can't count out anybody that big. Frankly, I go out in fear any time I wrestle against a guy over 300 pounds." And Dzedzic says of the canary's chances, "Sure, he's definitely a contender."

Others are not so kind. John Bowlsby, formerly of the University of Iowa and a premier performer in the unlimited class, sniffs, "He's not a very good wrestler, and he's always in such lousy physical condition. I'd say his chances of making the Olympic team are slim and none, and slim just left town."

There will be two unlimited spots on the U.S. team. One will be on the Greco-Roman squad—Erland's best chance—where Pete Lee and Wojciechowski clearly are the insiders. The other spot is on the freestyle team, which former Oklahoma State star Jimmy Jackson seemingly has wrapped up, although Bowlsby also has a chance. Lee and Jackson were on the 1976 Olympic team.

Erland's best moves are a double-arm salto and a headlock. When he loses, it is often because of stalling, a common occurrence among the heavies. As his mother says, "All it is is two big bulls pushing each other around. Very seldom anything happens." Dzedzic cannot ascribe a unique style to van Lidth de Jeude. "He's certainly big enough," he says. "He just hasn't been able to motivate himself physically." Former U.S. Coast Guard Academy wrestler Jim Murray, who beat Erland in eight of nine encounters, says, "He might be too big."

continued



In a grizzly moment, an overmatched practice opponent is caught in the embrace of Erlend's salto

Whatever. The fact is, Erlend, who lives in an apartment in Brooklyn, has never won a national championship. The most important title he has ever held was the 1977 New England championships, in his senior year at MIT, when his record was 21-1. "A strange thing always happens to me in national competitions," Erlend says. "I lose." However, he has sung the national anthem before many of his toughest meets, and after one such performance got a thunderous response. "It wasn't just because they thought the song had merit," says Erlend. "Really, it is much more fun to sing. It doesn't hurt." Snipes one critic, "Imagine if he could wrestle as well as he sings."

Erlend's proudest wrestling moment came almost three years ago when he finished third in the Aryamehr Cup competition in Teheran, beating the Iranian

national champ. "They loved me," says Erlend. "Everywhere I went I caused a riot. Iran is sort of backward."

Why does van Lidth de Jeude persist in the face of his mediocrity?

"I've become hard core about wrestling," he says. "Besides, I kind of like being in the spotlight. But I wouldn't want to do anything if I didn't think I could be the best. And it wouldn't even be worth doing if it wasn't a challenge." He says he presses on because it recently occurred to him that "the top guys in the country weren't that much better than me, and I was improving." The possibility that the others may also be improving does not occur to Erlend. The crux of the matter, of course, is that his size—he's still growing in one direction or another—automatically makes him a contender.

Beyond that, Erlend appears to be taking this Olympic business seriously. He recently quit his \$25,000-a-year job as a systems programmer with New York's Citibank; the bank refused to keep him on the payroll while he took time off for training, a legal way to subsidize prospective Olympic athletes. And he is starting to work out. The team for a pre-Olympic trip to Russia will be picked next month; Erlend hopes to make it. Still, getting ready isn't his idea of a good time.

"The problem with training is that you can't do what's fun," he grouses. "Wrestling I enjoy. Training to wrestle I do not enjoy."

At the 1976 Olympic training camp, at which Erlend was an alternate, Peckham became enraged. He identified van Lidth de Jeude as "a dumb slob, an irritating and arrogant S.O.B." And moments after that explosion, he turned to Erlend and said, softly, "You know I'm right." Except Erlend isn't dumb. If it were simply a case of mind over matter, he would always win; because it's not, he sometimes loses.

Erlend was born in Holland where, long ago, the van Lidth de Jeudes had been allowed to claim the title of baron; all the branches of the family did, save Erlend's. "Our side said, 'We are high-class enough without any title,'" says Erlend. Apparently uppityness had been a family trait long before Erlend came along. Later, though, a forebear figured a title would smooth his way around diplomatic circles and claimed the rank of Jonkheer, which is just below baron. And men's? "Nothing," says Jonkheer Erlend van Lidth de Jeude.

The van Lidth de Jeudes left Holland in 1958, when Erlend was 3½ years old; they feared the Soviets might overwhelm Western Europe. His mother had spent four years in a prison camp when the Japanese overran the Dutch East Indies in World War II and was anxious to find a safe harbor. The U.S. was it, and eventually they found themselves in the lush, rolling countryside of Ridgefield, 54 miles northeast of New York City. "We were considered odd growing up," says Erlend. "We had respect for our parents, and we liked school."

And always, of course, there was music. Great music. Erlend was a soloist at several churches. One, in Melrose, Mass., fired him, however, when he fell asleep during the service.

Each day, his mother would send him

continued

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off to school with the admonition, "Be smart." "So I was," says Erland. "I was brought up to be an overachiever." Sports were of interest "only because they were something to round you out." He played football but hated it. He never wrestled in high school. When it came time for college, he turned down an acceptance from Harvard to go to MIT. "A bachelor's from MIT is worth a master's from anywhere else," he says. His undergraduate degree is in computer science and electrical engineering.

Chassey recalls the day he looked off in the distance across the MIT campus and saw a mountain he had not seen before. "Then," he says, "it disappeared." He immediately gathered his team members and said, "Find him." They did, and Erland's wrestling career was thus launched—inauspiciously. As a freshman, his record was 9-9. Worse, he had no uniform. The largest football jersey that the New England Patriots had (a red one) was acquired; he wore basketball sneakers (one a size 16 the other a 15) instead of wrestling shoes. "I looked like a clown," says Erland. "I had to start winning so people wouldn't laugh." Ulti-

mately, Chassey took home two size 44 MIT jerseys and had his wife sew them together to presumably make an 88. (Actually, Erland was only a 56).

During his last two years at MIT, Erland had a 40-6 record. One maneuver Chassey admits he was never able to teach him was to push himself back from the table. Is all the weight healthful? "Probably not," says Erland, "but it's effective." By Olympic time he intends to be at 350. "I'm overweight but not grossly overweight," he says. "There's a lot of bone in me. I'm a big fellow." Once criticized by Chassey for being in poor condition, Erland protested that his heart-beat was only 52. Normal people are around 72 and in-shape wrestlers are around 50. "I checked," says Chassey, "and it was. That says to me his condition is not as bad as it seems."

Erland's enthusiasm for wrestling grew when he found his schoolwork a snap. He went through a semester of calculus and analytic geometry in 18 days; over one summer, he read a three-volume work on physics, then spent the school term correcting his physics professor. Genius I.Q. starts at 140, Erland says his

is 160. "But," he adds, "anything around 180 is unstable, so I'm well within the stable range." He doesn't think there's anything special about his brain power because "a lot of people are geniuses, at least 1% of the population."

Erland got into movies accidentally, because a producer was looking for a big man. When he found out the pay was \$785 a week, plus overtime, his interest increased. Ultimately, for 15 days of work in *The Wanderers*, he got almost \$7,000. In one scene, tiny Linda Manz hits him in the stomach. Before the shooting, she asked Erland, "How hard can I hit you?" "Whomp away," he said. Later, Erland lamented, "I didn't realize we'd do the scene 70 times. And then she said, 'Hey, my hand hurts.'" Erland laughs when he thinks that friends in Holland might see the R-rated film and ask, "How can a problemman debate himself so?"

Recently, Erland noted a casting call for "unusual types" between the ages of 25 and 55 for a Woody Allen movie. Six thousand showed up; 200 were called back for a second look. Erland among them. "You're certainly unusual looking," one of the movie people told him

continued



Pleased patrons at Bianchi & Margherita get Erland at forte end at no extra cost. What Erland generally gets is a mammoth plate of veal scallopini alla Marsala.

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"You'll get something." He did, as a bit player. "A lot of people have the idea that bigger is better," Erland says. "It's the American mentality. But you have to have a sense of humor about your size. If you don't, you'll leave a trail of broken bodies behind." Naturally, Erland has always wished he were bigger, say at least 6' 8", instead of 6' 6".

But when you're so big, there's not really much you can do about it—right, Erland? "Sure there is. Don't sit on rickety chairs."

If wrestling is uppermost in his mind now, singing is closest to his heart. "There's no doubt that I am most happy when I am singing," he says, as he strolls down a Brooklyn street, singing along with an ice-cream truck.

His voice teacher, Ellen Rufus, says, "His only problem is that he sometimes puts other things first, like wrestling." Peckham, on the other hand, sneers at "this theater-and-singing thing. He has to wrestle." And Citibank has nixed the idea of coexistence between wrestling and working. Erland is clearly a man be-

ing pulled in many directions. He knows, for example, that he would improve his Olympic chances by moving to a wrestling hotbed like Iowa where he could work out with the best. He has a ready excuse. It's impossible, he says, because "my voice teacher is here."

For all his arrogance—albeit appealing arrogance—Erland is no snob. He loved seeing *The Barber of Seville* sung in English. He is not ashamed that one of the books on his shelf is *Cheaper by the Dozen*. He laughs when he tells of the time he fell asleep during an X-rated movie in New York's Times Square and awoke to find his pockets full and all his money missing—except for one subway token. And music needn't be high-toned for Erland. In Greenwich Village, he'll occasionally do *The Impossible Dream*, and there is special feeling when he sings: "To try when your arms are too weary, to reach the unreachable star!"

And should he reach that unreachable star, he'll be easy to recognize. He'll be the large man getting the gold medal, then singing the national anthem. **END**



Doing nothing more eye-catching than walking the streets of New York, Erland still attracts attention

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The Cache Valley in northern Utah is known for its fine cheese. Unless a milking machine breaks down, the serenity of the lovely valley is usually undisturbed. But there have been a few raucous moments. A century and a half ago trapper Jim Bridger blew his top when he discovered that somebody had swiped his cache of furs, and more recently, after Utah State University officials decided to change the school's nickname from Aggies to Scotsmen and dress the marching band in kilts, the boos in Romney Stadium in Logan shook the antlers off half the deer in the Wasatch Range. The Aggies quickly became the Aggies again.

Last Saturday there was another explosion in the Cache Valley when Utah State, ranked second in the nation in passing offense, ran into intrastate rival Brigham Young University, which was ranked first. BYU Quarterback Marc Wilson was first in the nation in total offense, with an average of more than 272 yards a game. Utah State Quarterback Eric Hipple was second.

It was quite a confrontation and it drew a record crowd of 28,094 people to Romney Stadium. Sure, a crowd of 28,000 could be hidden in an upper corner of one section at Ann Arbor or Columbus, but Logan's population at the last census was only 22,000; the crowd broke the old stadium record by 6,500. It got its money's worth, too, even though the home team lost, as Wilson outpassed Hipple to lead BYU to a rousing 48-24 win.

BYU was lucky to have Wilson at all this year, because just before the start of fall practice he suffered an attack of appendicitis while on a pack trip into Idaho's Sawtooth Mountains. He thought it was the flu and when he came down out of the wild—on a horse rather than his own two feet—his ailment wasn't diagnosed for eight days, during which he threw a football around, played golf and passed the physical exam for his senior season with the Cougars.

As skinny as Ichabod Crane even when he is healthy, the 6'5" Wilson came out of the hospital emaciated, but still missed only a week of two-a-day

Cacheing in big in Utah

Brigham Young invaded Utah State's Cache Valley for a duel between the nation's top offensive teams. When the shooting stopped, BYU had a 48-24 victory

drills. Despite his lost weight and lack of conditioning, he was pressed into service. He had already been redshirted a year, so BYU Coach LaVell Edwards put him in the lineup and redshirted his outstanding backup, Jim McMahon.

BYU has a Deepfreeze crammed with quarterbacks. Gifford Nielsen, now with the Houston Oilers, was going great in 1977 when he got injured; Wilson stepped in and threw seven touchdown passes in his first start. Wilson got hurt last year; McMahon stepped in and made first-team all-conference. Danny Hartwig, a quarterback who had enrolled at BYU the same year as Wilson, saw he might not play much and transferred to Cal Lutheran. Now pro scouts say he'll be drafted.

Although BYU loves to have Wilson pass—against Hawaii this season he hit 28 of 49 for 342 yards and three TDs—the Cougars can do other things, too. Homer Jones is one of the country's leading all-purpose runners and Eric Lane, a nephew of ex-Utah State star MacArthur Lane, can catch passes and run. And that's not all. Before last Saturday's game BYU had the best pass defense in the Western Athletic Conference and was in the top 25 defensively in the country.

"We've got so much teamwork," says Wilson, a good student who wants to be a lawyer. "In other years there was a division between the offense and defense, partly because of the publicity offense gets. We're together now."

Utah State's Hipple is as muscular as Wilson is scrawny. Like Wilson, who is from Seattle, Hipple is from out of state—Downey, Calif.—but he was not heavily

recruited. A Utah State assistant coach on vacation happened to see him flinging the ball in a summer league and tabbed him as a prospect.

Last year he was the NCAA's 15th-best passer statistically and, despite the burden of an effete name, Eric Ellsworth Hipple proved adept at knocking down would-be tacklers on running plays.

"He's one of the best all-round quarterbacks I've ever worked with," says Aggie Coach Bruce Snyder. Earlier this season Hipple led the Aggies to a 48-48 tie with San Jose State, the highest-scoring draw in NCAA annals. In that cir-

continued



Recovered from appendicitis, BYU's Marc Wilson completed 19 passes for 372 yards.

cus, Hippie reached Utah State's two top receivers, James (Murphy, the Sweetest Thing on Turf) Murphy and Ken (Bombzilla) Thompson, with seven passes apiece, which gained a combined 242 yards.

Behind Hippie, Utah State has Reserve Quarterback Craig Bradshaw, nicknamed "Laser Beam" because his flat, hard passes look as though they could pierce steel. Bradshaw, the younger brother of the Pittsburgh Steelers' Terry, transferred to Logan from Louisiana Tech. He got a chance to play against Colorado State after Hippie injured a shoulder and completed eight of 18 for 132 yards and two touchdowns.

"We have quality depth at quarterback," says Snyder. "Craig has been winning in the wings very patiently for the last two years. I'm really happy he got the chance to show what he can do."

The BYU-Utah State showdown was augmented by a lot of traditional rah-rah. The winner would get the Old Wagon Wheel game trophy and would have a strong claim to the Beehive Boot (an 85-year-old leather boot attached to a piece of wood), the symbol of football supremacy in Utah, which calls itself the Beehive State. The Aggie band, which probably stashed its discarded kilts in Bridger's old hiding place so they'd be stolen for sure, wore typical collegiate marching garb, while an Aggie student on the sideline fed hay to the school's mascot, a bull named Gus (which stands for "Go Utah State!").

BYU, ranked in the Top 20 nationwide, showed why as it zipped to a touchdown on its first possession, Eric Lane going in for the score from the three. The Cougars moved ahead 14-0 when Wilson picked up 41 yards by hitting WAC indoor 60-yard hurdles champion Lloyd Jones on one pass play and 20 yards more on a scoring pass to the leaping Bill Davis.

At that point it looked as if BYU would win easily. Its defense was rushing Hippie hard and covering all his receivers. Then Hippie was hurt again, and again Bradshaw took over. He got the Aggies 66 yards in 10 plays, climaxing by a laser-beam touchdown pass to the well-covered Bombzilla Thompson in the end zone. The PAT brought it to 14-7, BYU.

But that was as close as Utah State was to get. Before the first half ended, Wilson's passes twice brought BYU close to the goal line and Lane twice carried

the ball in. Utah State answered only with a Steve Steinke 40-yard field goal. The Cougars led 28-10.

In the second half, Utah State started to blitz and vary its defenses. That stopped BYU, a recovered Hippie passed the Aggies downfield and scrappy Tailback Rick Parros scored from the one to make the score 28-17. It still seemed anybody's game, maybe even a 68-68 tie.

But the Aggies' Stacy Colbert fumbled a punt, BYU's Dave Smith recovered on the Utah State 18 and two plays later Lane went in for his fourth TD. BYU 35-17.

Utah State closed the gap to 35-24 on a Hippie-to-Ken Brown pass, but the Aggie defense could not contain Wilson. Every time BYU got into a jam, it seemed as though Wilson would roll out and complete a 25-yard pass. Lane ran over for his fifth TD, a school record, and Wilson passed to Tailback Scott Phillips for the final score.

Thus BYU improved its record to 5-0, the best start in its 57 years of football, and now has a real shot at its first undefeated season. Game 11 at San Diego State on Nov. 24 looks like the biggest hurdle the Cougars will have to face before the inevitable bowl game.

In the Wilson-Hippie duel, Hippie, who had to scramble constantly and was one big bruise after the game, hit 19 of 30 passes for 182 yards and gained 11 more on the ground. But Wilson completed 19 of 25 for 372 yards, the ninth time he has gone over 300 yards in total offense. No other college football player has ever done it more than seven times. It is obvious that Ichabod Wilson didn't miss his appendix a bit.

THE WEEK

by HERM WEISKOPF

WEST It was Friday at Southern Cal—time for the traditional pep rally. There to stir up enthusiasm were the Trojan Marching Band, cheerleaders, song girls, students and alumni. A good time was had by all, with some of the USC players even doing some fancy dancing to the Harp music. The party continued on Saturday before the homecoming game against Stanford. Trojan rooters sipping drinks and munching on barbecued food outside the Los Angeles Coliseum. And then it was time for

USC fans to head for the game to see their team, a 22-point favorite ranked No. 1 in the nation, take on the twice-beaten Cardinals from The Farm, as they like to call Stanford.

USC took the opening kickoff, marched 72 yards in seven plays and quickly led 7-0. In the second period, the Trojans made it 14-0 and less than two minutes later it was 21-0. Everything was going perfectly for the Trojan fans. Then came the turnabout.

Stanford Quarterback Turk Schonert used 13 plays to take his team 80 yards for a score at the outset of the third period. Scoring the touchdown on a 19-yard pass from Schonert was Mike Donerer, whose father, Dutch, had once been a major league baseball catcher. Going into the last quarter, USC still led 21-7 and even though the Trojans were no longer ripping off big yardage and their defense seemed somewhat vulnerable to Schonert's passing, there didn't seem any reason for USC to be overly concerned. When in doubt, the Trojans could always give the ball to Charles White on offense, and surely their defense would clamp down when it had to. But White, who had gained 169 yards in the first half, was limited to 52 thereafter, and his fumble at the Stanford 39 preceded a Cardinal drive that culminated in a Schonert-to-Ken Margerum pass good for nine yards and another touchdown. That came with 2:37 gone in the fourth period and closed the score to 21-14.

Then Schonert really furrowed the brows of USC rooters by taking the Cardinals 87 yards to knot the game at 21-all with 4:33 left. On the final play of that drive, Schonert was forced to scramble from the Southern Cal 10-yard line. He rolled to the left, faked a pass, cut a bit to the right, faked again and then zipped into the end zone.

Stanford had two chances to win after that, USC only one. A 51-yard Cardinal field-goal try was short with 38 seconds to go, and a 39-yard USC attempt with only three seconds left was blocked by Gordon Banks. That's when Stanford had its final chance. The blocked kick bounced into the grasp of Linebacker Gary Wimmer, who had a clear path to the goal line in front of him—and then bounced out again.

Even though the game wound up a tie, it was nonetheless an upset, particularly with Stanford coming from 21 points back. Asked to shed light on how his team had rallied so brilliantly, Cardinal Coach Rod Dowhower said, "I can't explain it." And then began explaining it. "We made some defensive adjustments at halftime. In the first half we lined up head to head and that didn't work. In the second half we adjusted our spacing, going for the gaps. Not only did it work, it took away the seams for [USC Quarterback Paul] McDonald on passing. We also called some plays they didn't expect. We threw a short pass on fourth-and-five and we threw a short pass for two yards on fourth-and-one."

That Stanford's comeback was no fluke was

continued

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borne out by some statistics: the Cardinals had the ball for 20:38 of the second half, for the game they had 409 yards in total offense, 281 of them through the air, while USC had 362. And during the last two periods Stanford converted four third-down plays and three fourth-down tries.

Unlike USC fans, those at Arizona State were stunned before their team faced unbeaten and sixth-ranked Washington in another Pac 10 matchup. Three hours before the game, Sun Devil Coach Frank Kush announced he was being dismissed by the university. Kush, who had been at State since 1958, was second only to Alabama's Bear Bryant among active coaches, with a total of 176 victories.

The reason for Kush's dismissal stemmed from a \$1.1 million suit brought against the coach, Athletic Director Fred Miller and other school officials by Kevin Rutledge, a punter on last season's team. Rutledge claimed he had been punched in the face by Kush after he had made a poor punt during last year's 41-7 loss to Washington. Kush denied the allegation. Three Sun Devil players, however, said they had seen Kush hit Rutledge. As a result, it was decided that the coach would have to be dismissed. "When you're fired, you're fired," Kush said philosophically. "I'm going fishing."

Before Kush could get out his rod and reel, though, his players hoisted him to their shoulders and carried him onto the field, where, presumably, he coached State for the last time. The Sun Devils took an early 12-0 lead, Quarterback Mark Malone claiming a 70-yard drive with a three-yard touchdown run and Defensive End Bob Kohrs recovering a Huskie fumble in the end zone for the second score. Arizona State hung on for a stunning 12-7 victory, and after the game the Sun Devils carried Kush off the field.

Arizona and California also stayed in the thick of the Pac 10 race. Jim Krohn geared up a Wildcat offense that produced 482 yards by hitting on 16 of 25 passes for 190 yards and two touchdowns. That was more than enough for Arizona to defeat Oregon 24-13. Even more devastating were the Golden Bears, who amassed 586 yards in total offense while dribbling Oregon State 45-0. Rich Campbell of Cal accounted for 292 yards and a pair of touchdowns in two periods by connecting on 19 of 28 passes.

Washington State Cornerback Mike Snow blocked two attempted field goals by UCLA and deflected an almost certain touchdown pass in the end zone as the Cougars pulled off a 17-14 shocker, after trailing 14-7 at half-time. State's Tim Hams set up the decisive touchdown in the fourth quarter with a 33-yard run, and Brian Sickler wrapped up the 84-yard march by blasting into the end zone from one yard out.

Winless Air Force was a 38-13 loser to Notre Dame. With Vagor Ferguson scoring

on runs of five and 23 yards, and with Rusty Lush passing two and 75 yards for touchdowns and running a yard for another, the Irish were never in trouble.

LUSC (5-0-1)

2.BYU (5-0) 3.WASHINGTON (5-1)

MIDWEST Even after Missouri's loss to Oklahoma State in their Big Eight Conference opener, Tiger Defensive End Wendell Ray said he was unimpressed by the Cowboys. "Those guys don't even belong on the same field with us," he said. "That's not bragging or boasting—they really don't." Unfortunately for Ray and the rest of the 16th-ranked Tigers, the Cowboys were impressive enough to register a 14-13 upset as Terry Surlentrop, who only last week was moved to fullback from defensive end, ran 22 times for 152 yards and second-string Quarterback John Oxeer passed for two touchdowns.

Nebraska, the nation's leading offensive team as it entered its game against Kansas, showed why by amassing 611 yards—430 rushing—in beating the Jayhawks 42-0. Jarvis Redwine ran for 157 yards, and third-string I-Buck Craig Johnson totaled 138 yards in nine carries, more than twice Kansas' total of 59 yards passing and 20 rushing. Said Kansas Coach Oon Fambrough, "We've got to establish a running game—even if it's a quarterback sneak." In another Big Eight opener Iowa State beat Kansas State 7-7.

Michigan State continued to provide inspiration for its opponents. All Wisconsin's Badgers had to do was look at films of last year's 55-2 drubbing at the hands of the Spartans to spark them to a 38-29 upset win. "That game was the big motivating factor for us. They tried to belittle us," said Tight End Ray Sydnor. The Badgers won on three field goals by Steve Ventz, who had made only two in 10 previous tries.

Minnesota Quarterback Mark Carlson completed 27 passes in 51 attempts for 339 yards, the most ever against a Michigan defense, but the Wolverines rushed for 456 yards to hold off the Gophers 31-21 before the 26th straight 100,000-plus crowd in Ann Arbor. Blutch Woolfolk rushed for 194 yards and Fullback Lawrence Reid, usually a blocker, added 179 yards of his own on 17 carries.

Ohio State stayed undefeated and remained tied with Michigan for the Big Ten lead, winning its sixth straight, 47-6, over Indiana. Art Schlichter, the Big Ten's total offense leader, said he "audibled 60% of the time" in directing the Buckeyes to 303 yards of total offense against the 4-2 Hoosiers.

In other Big Ten games, Purdue beat Illinois 28-14, Mark Herrmann overtaking Mike Pappas as the Boilermakers' all-time passing leader, and Northwestern bowed to Iowa 58-6 despite the urging of a homecoming crowd led by the San Diego Chicken.

Kelly Ellis ran for an NCAA-record 382 yards while leading Northern Iowa to a 38-35 victory over Western Illinois. Ellis, a 5'7", 165-pound junior, carried 40 times, breaking the Division II mark set by Ollis Garber of Minnetonka College in 1959. Ellis, who collected 210 yards in the first half, scored only once—on a 71-yard run in the fourth quarter.

Central Michigan ran its record to 5-0 overall and 5-0 in the Mid-American Conference with a 31-11 win over Northern Illinois. Toledo stayed undefeated in conference play with a 17-0 victory over Western Michigan, and Ohio University hung close to the leaders by beating Miami of Ohio 9-7. In other games involving MAC teams, Ball State beat Illinois State 42-14, Bowling Green topped Kent State 28-17 and Akron beat Eastern Michigan 24-12.

In the Missouri Valley Conference, West Texas State ended Indiana State's seven-game win streak by upending the Sycamores 33-17 to take the conference lead.

1.NEBRASKA (5-0)

2.OKLAHOMA (4-1) 3.MICHIGAN (5-1)

EAST Referring to the 14-0 first-quarter score by which his team trilled Syracuse, Temple Coach Wayne Hardin said, "When we were down, deep down, a lot of people were saying, 'Same old Temple. Can't win the big one.' The Owls were down, deep down, but they were far from out. They came back to grab a 28-17 lead and then gambled on a fourth-and-one at the Orange six. Brian Broome cashed in on that play by passing to Wiley Pitts for a touchdown. When it was all over, Broome had passed for 113 yards as he hit on seven of 11 passes and the Owls had won 49-17.

In the process, Temple held Syracuse's Joe Morris, who had been leading the nation in rushing with a 145.6-yard average to 96 yards in 18 carries. The Owls also held the Orangemen far below their 36.6-point scoring average, which had been the sixth best in the country. Temple's offense churned out 377 yards on the ground, including 163 by Running Back Mark Bright. "Our offensive line is big and strong, and blows out other people," Bright said. That line blew enough players out for Running Back Shetman Myers to score five touchdowns, one on a 24-yard pass and the others on short runs, as the Owls proved they could win a big one.

In much the same rough-and-tumble manner in which the Pirates floored the Red in the National League championship series, but unlike the way the Steelers played the Bengals, the University of Pittsburgh stomped the University of Cincinnati 35-0. The Panthers, continuing to use their two-quarterback system, rolled up 502 yards in total offense. When starting signal caller Rich Trocano wasn't completing 11 of 17 passes for 147 yards and one touchdown, his backup, freshman Dan

continued

Marino, was hitting on 11 of 16 throws for 121 yards and another score. For variety, Pitt left Fullback Randy McMillan lug the ball 18 times and he picked up 119 yards.

Army Coach Lou Saban's 58th birthday was spoiled by a 24-3 setback at Penn State, where the Nittany Lion rushed for 324 yards. Matt Suhey gained 225 of those yards and had scoring runs of 17 and 61 yards. Adding another touchdown and 103 yards to the ground attack was Booker Moore.

Rending up the Ivy League with 2-0 records were Cornell and Yale, which took divergent paths to victory. By scoring three times in the third period, the Big Red breezed past Harvard 41-14. The Bulldogs, though, had to rely on a 24-yard field goal by Dave Schwartz in the second quarter and a tenacious defense that gave up only 84 yards to defeat Dartmouth 3-0. In other Ivy contests, Princeton romped over Columbia 35-6, and Brown held off Pennsylvania 24-18.

**1. PITTSBURGH (4-1)
2. TEMPLE (5-1) 3. PENN STATE (2-2)**

SOUTHWEST As far as Houston, Arkansas and Baylor were concerned, it was a case of better late than never. All three had trouble looking up their Southwest Conference victories, but the Cougars compounded their difficulties by being late for their game at Texas A&M. One of the two buses carrying the team to College Station on Saturday broke down five miles outside Houston. Coach Bill Yeoman put his first-teamers aboard the one operable bus and took off, leaving the rest of the squad waiting on U.S. 190 until a substitute vehicle could rescue them. After the opening kickoff was delayed 30 minutes, until all the Houston players were on hand, the Cougars went on to earn their first-ever win in A&M. It took some doing, however. And lots of waiting.

Houston, which built a 10-0 second-period advantage, fell behind 14-10 at halftime, and that was still the score when Texas A&M took over the ball with slightly more than four minutes left in the game. The Aggies tried to run out the clock, but on a fourth-and-one play the Cougars slammed Quarterback Mike Mosley for a nine-yard loss. That gave Houston the ball on its own 41-yard line with 30 seconds remaining.

With Quarterback Detric Brown sidelined after becoming ill during the fourth quarter, Terry Elton took over for the Cougars. On first down Elton passed deep to Flanker Eric Herring, who made a spectacular leaping, one-handed catch for a 37-yard gain to the A&M 22. With 22 seconds to go, Elton hit Terrell Clark with a pass for 17 yards to the five. Elton rolled around right end himself for the final five yards, scoring with 15 seconds to spare as Houston prevailed 17-14.

Two big plays enabled late-starting Arkan-

sas to pick up a 20-6 win at Texas Tech. A 76-yard pass-run play, on which Kevin Scanlon did the throwing and Bobby Duckworth the catching, gave the Hops a 10-3 lead at the intermission. Gary Anderson caught a Tech punt, shook loose from three would-be tacklers and scampered 67 yards to wrap up the scoring with 3:20 left.

An even longer run—a length-of-the-field dish by Southern Methodist freshman James Collier against Baylor—gave the Dallas home crowd plenty to yell about, but at the end the Bears' fans were doing the shouting. Inspiring those cheers were Max McGeary, Mike Brannan and Robert Bledsoe. McGeary, a defensive end, blocked two Mustang field-goal attempts in the final 4½ minutes, one from 30 yards out and the other from 44. Brannan, filling in for injured Quarterback Mickey Elam, ran for 120 yards and passed for 134. After McGeary's second blocked kick—his 11th in four seasons—Brannan came through with his biggest play, a 31-yard pass to Bo Taylor with 1:36 left. That set things up for Bledsoe, whose 21-yard field goal in the last eight seconds gave Baylor a 24-21 triumph.

The fourth visiting team to come out on top in SWC play was Texas Christian. The Horned Frogs, though, did not wait until the late stages to salt away their win, taking an early lead and holding on to beat Rice 17-7.

All the left Arkansas and Houston tied for first place with 2-0 records, with Baylor (3-1) in fourth place. Sandwiched in between was Texas (1-0), which won its annual non-conference war with Oklahoma (page 32).

**1. TEXAS (4-0)
2. HOUSTON (5-0) 3. ARKANSAS (5-0)**

SOUTH Before Saturday's games, 18 Division I-A teams were undefeated and untied. Five of them lost and one other, USC, was tied. Two of those absorbing their first defeat were in the South, where Tennessee-Chattanooga was jolted 35-0 at East Tennessee State in a Southern Conference skulldug. The other surprise came when Wake Forest dealt North Carolina its first loss 24-19.

Wake's objective on defense was to shut off the Tar Heels' running game, and this it did by limiting them to 116 yards in 50 tries. Amos Lawrence of Carolina was held to 34 yards in 24 cracks—he had been averaging 141.7 yards, second-best among major-college runners. "When you tackle Lawrence, you can't crunch him," Deacon Linebacker Coach Dennis Hughes said. "Close in on him and squeeze him so he doesn't get away." Linebacker Carlos Bradley put it another way: "We made Amos run sideways."

With the ground game stymied, Matt Kucper of the Tar Heels threw 41 passes, completed a school-record 24 and gained 267 yards through the air. But Wake Forest, too, took to the air and Jay Venuto passed for

236 yards as he made good on 15 of 27 throws. One throw caught Carolina in a safety blitz, which Venuto took advantage of by hitting Albert Kirby on a 60-yard scoring play.

In a much more conservatively played Atlantic Coast Conference game, North Carolina State stifled Maryland 7-0. The Terps managed only 84 yards rushing and 49 passing. It took the Wolfpack 11 plays to go 74 yards for the only score, which came when Dwight Sullivan darted 14 yards.

ACC teams won three non-conference games: Clemson blanked Virginia Tech 21-0, Duke beat winless Richmond 34-7 and

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: Turk Schonert, a senior quarterback, rallied Stanford to a 21-21 deadlock with No. 1-ranked USC as he hit on 16 of 27 passes for 163 yards and two touchdowns and scored the tying touchdown on a 10-yard run.

DEFENSE: Dave Ahrens, a 6' 3", 230-pound junior end, did it all as Wisconsin upset Michigan State 38-29. He ran 55 yards for a TD with an interception, broke up another pass, recovered a fumble and made six tackles.

Virginia swamped James Madison 69-9.

Alabama wasn't perfect. The Tide missed a PAT kick, threw an interception and lost a fumble. It didn't matter. Alabama still gained 435 yards and dealt Florida its first regular-season shutout in 90 games, 40-0.

Kentucky beat Mississippi 14-3, Georgia jured Louisiana State 21-14 and Auburn outlasted Vanderbilt 52-35 in other Southeastern Conference battles. Georgia allowed LSU only 131 yards on the ground, forced five turnovers and got 128 yards rushing from Matt Simon. For the second week in a row, Joe Cribbs of Auburn had three touchdowns. They were part of a wild affair in which the Tigers canked out 493 yards in total offense and the Commodores 425. In the Tigers' past two outings they have gained 939 yards, 845 on the ground, winning both times. Tennessee continued to come strong. The Vols stepped outside the conference and administered a 31-0 shellacking to Georgia Tech.

Two independents remained unbeaten, Florida State stopping Mississippi State 17-6 and Navy downing William & Mary 26-7. Two touchdowns late in the first half helped the Scrimmoles to a 17-0 lead, but after being held to 50 yards in the first two periods, Mississippi got its wishbone working and led in total offense, 302 yards to 245. Still, the Bulldogs could cash in for no more than a half of field goals. Navy's Mike Sherlock broke loose for a 59-yard scoring jump and 150 yards overall as the Midshipmen triumphed.

**1. ALABAMA (5-0)
2. FLORIDA STATE (6-0) 3. TENNESSEE (4-1)**



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Of all the mad schemes dreamed up by professional athletes to wrangle more money out of management, the one concocted by Jacques Lemaire deserved the trophy for originality. That at least was the consensus last spring when the glassy forward for the Montreal Canadiens announced that he was going to defect to Switzerland to serve as player, coach and general manager for a team of young amateurs in some Alpine outpost called *Sierre*.

The disbelief and wisecracks about Lemaire going one-on-one with a mountain goat were understandable. After all, if not to gain bargaining power in his contract negotiations, why else would the leading scorer in the 1979 Stanley Cup playoffs and the center for the redoubtable Guy Lafleur and Steve Shutt even consider giving up all that glory and six-figure gilt to nursemaid a bunch of callow yodelers almost half a world away?

The Canadians' Mario Trembley, a close friend, was so skeptical that he offered to bet assistant trainer Pierre Meilleux \$100 that come fall Lemaire would again be wearing the old rouge, blanc et bleu. Meilleux was game, especially after checking the odds with Lemaire. "Double the bet to \$200," Jacques told him, "and we'll split the take."

Last month, \$100 and 1,000 new experiences richer, Lemaire was on the road with his *Sierre* team in Switzerland, headed for his first adventure in high-altitude hockey. Billed as a *match amical*—an exhibition game—it seemed more like a crash course in mountaineering. Turning off the main road, the team bus wound past the signs warning of falling rocks and deer crossings and ground up six steep miles of hairpin turns to the winter resort village of Villars. "Well," said Lemaire, surveying the rink perched on the side of a mountain, "it's not the Montreal Forum, but it'll do."

According to Jean-Pierre Evittin, the hockey president of the host team, the Villars *patinoire* is in fact something of a monument. "It is the first ice hockey rink in all of Switzerland to have a roof," Evittin said proudly. "At present there are three rinks in the league that are, how

do you say, topless. And yes, when it snows they have to stop the game every five minutes or so to clear off the ice, but it is good exercise, no?"

What about walls, he was asked, the kind that would protect the fans from the chill wind that was blowing through the open-sided structure? "Ah, most of our rinks are exposed to nature," Evittin said. "In the winter the temperature sometimes drops to 5 below, but you must understand that the fresh mountain air and the beautiful snow are what winter sports in Switzerland are all about."

Apparently, however, a fair share of the 250 spectators were gathered in an enclosed restaurant overlooking the rink, huddling over steaming pots of fondue and sipping coffee laced with apple brandy. "Isn't this incredible," said Don Shaw, a young Canadian who was hitchhiking through Europe. "When I heard that Jacques Lemaire was playing hockey in the mountains, I couldn't believe it. Forget the Matterhorn. This is one sight I just had to see. Look, it's so freezing you can see your breath."

Indeed, once the action began, the *Sierre* squad seemed about as stone cold as the north face of Mont Blanc. Lemaire, pushing his young charges into position and directing traffic with his stick, repeatedly tried to get something started, only to see his wingmen miff Jacques' quick, threadneedle passes. At one point in the first period, trailing 1-0 and scrambling, one *Sierre* player blindsided Lemaire and knocked him on his derrière.

"This is depressing," Lemaire sternly lectured his players at the break. "Don't you want to win?" The *viseurs* came back strongly in the second period to go ahead 2-1. Then, after Villars scored a tying goal early in the final period, it was time for Lemaire to put on a one-man show. In dazzling succession, dancing by defenders and snapping off rapid-fire shots from seemingly impossible angles—zing! zip! zap!—he scored a hat trick to lead *Sierre* to a 6-3 victory.

Afterward, Lemaire chantably attributed the misuses of the first period to "poor visibility." He was referring to yet another remarkable aspect of the Villars

A little bit of heaven in the Alps

Jacques Lemaire is alive and well and, indeed, thriving in *Sierre*, Switzerland



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erie, the passing cloud banks that periodically engulfed the rink. Erie as it was, the otherworldly effect was apt, for if the new scourge of Sierré could send one message back to his friends and fans in Montreal, it would be that Jacques Lemaire has found a little piece of heaven in the Alps.

"I know a lot of people thought I was crazy coming over here," Lemaire said on the ride back to Sierré. "But after 12 years in the NHL, after winning eight Stanley Cups and putting a lot of pressure on myself, I was ready to quit. I just turned 34, and though I played my best hockey the past two seasons, it was getting hard on my system. I was tired of being tense most of the year."

Drawing on a slope, he went on, "I always wanted to do something reckless, have an adventure, see how other people live, discover something new. Well, that time is now. I've always been interested in coaching, and when this opportunity presented itself, it seemed like the perfect thing."

Rained in the Montreal suburb of Ville LaSalle, Lemaire spent the better part of his youth slapping a steel puck against a driveway wall. The drill served him well when he joined the Canadiens in 1967 and established himself as one of the hardest shooters in the league. Though a consistently high scorer, especially in the playoffs, he was the kind of unassuming, all-round player who invariably wins the most-underrated honors.

A whisper among mastiffs, Lemaire has no taste for the NHL's roughhouse style of play, preferring finesse to fist-cuffs, and it was this scientific approach that led him to an appreciation of the European game. "If the money's there," he said when first approached by a Swiss hockey promoter, "I'm ready."

The cash was there all right, gift-wrapped. In turning down the Canadiens' offer of \$225,000 a year, Lemaire opted for a tax-free \$75,000 annually plus a house, a car, a maid and a big intangible. Though he signed for three years, Lemaire says, "I can do what I want with my contract—quit, renegotiate, move to another team. That's called freedom."

Known as the most astute hockey mind on the Canadiens, if not in the NHL, Lemaire has nonetheless had to adjust to the Swiss system. Sierré plays in the na-

tional B league, which Lemaire equates with Canadian junior hockey. Each team is allowed to suit up one foreign professional, who becomes, in effect, a designated native after five seasons, thereby making way for another import to join the club. Though the Swiss players are all nominally amateurs, the level of play can be high. "If not for the roughness," says Lemaire, "Bern, the champions of the A league, could beat any of the six lowest teams in the NHL."

Since fighting results in an immediate suspension, the emphasis is on technique, which suits Lemaire just fine. He says, "They have training methods here that

and have only so much left to give.

Lemaire works them hard, but worries, "I just don't know how far I can push them before they tell me to go to hell. I know none of the Canadiens would work that hard, so how much can I ask? It's easy to be tough, but how tough?"

Otherwise, for Jacques, his wife, Mychèle, and their three children, Patrice, 10, Dany, 7, and Magalie, 3, the living is easy in Sierré, a sun-kissed town of 8,600 amiable souls located midway in the Rhone Valley. The Lemaire family live a few miles outside of town in Granges, a tiny village with a school, a church and three castles. Their home, a new five-bedroom chalet, is surrounded by apple orchards and the sweet scent of mountain flowers.

Jacques has his skis waxed and ready to go. Treated like a visiting potentate wherever he goes, he has developed a taste for a local cheese delicacy called *raclette* washed down with *fendant*, a dry sparkling white wine produced nearby. And the maid, exhibiting the Swiss passion for cleanliness, keeps vacuuming the garage, which accommodates the Mercedes Jacques has just purchased. "What more could a man ask for?" says the lord of the manor.

Well, there is the matter of a winning team. Recently, wearing a floppy leather hat autographed by his fellow Stanley Cup champions, Lemaire drove along the Rhone and reflected, "Sometimes I feel like a sculptor shaping a new creation. But so many things can go wrong. I've never played on a losing team, and if that starts happening, I'll have to get on the players' backs and they'll learn to hate me, I'm sure. But listen," he said, biting into an apple from his orchard, "we only play a 28-game schedule, and when I compare that to the 80-game grind in the NHL, well, I just smile."

Lemaire had even more to smile about when the season opened Oct. 6. Before a wildly enthusiastic hometown crowd of 4,500, he scored two goals and assisted on a third to lead Sierré to a 4-3 win over a tough Fribourg team. "The guys played a great, great game for all three periods," Jacques said. "I'm very proud. I wanted to be happy in my work and now I am. I'm telling you, I've never been more relaxed."

À votre santé, Jacques Lemaire **END**



Sierré's coach and general manager is also the top scorer

produce much better skaters. Let's face it, the NHL puts on a great show, but the Europeans play superior hockey. The Russians proved that when they clobbered the NHL All-Stars last winter. By adding some drills of my own, I hope to build a team combining the aggressiveness of the Canadians with the puck control and passing of the Russians."

The Sierré players do not always find it easy to comply with Lemaire's first commandment of hockey: "Play with spirit, have fun." They range in age from 16 to 33 and include such stars as Jaroslav Krupicka, a Czech professional who once played for the Los Angeles Sharks in the World Hockey Association. Trouble is, the Swiss players—students, shop clerks, factory workers—have already put in a full day's work when they appear for the evening practice sessions

They've got a nose for trouble

Noseguards, vulnerable point men of the 3-4 defense, are unsung heroes



How do I feel on Monday?" says Sugar Bear Hamilton of the New England Patriots. "Damn bad, that's how. You get hit from so many different points if you're one of us pinball-type guys that it's rough. And you hurt. On Mondays, I go right to the whirlpool and the steam room."

"Mondays are hell," says the Oilers' Curley Culp. "Something's sore all the time the first part of the week."

Such words may be accepted as understatement since Hamilton and Culp are defensive linemen who happen to play the most punishing position in football. They are NFL noseguards, or nose-tackles, if you prefer. By any name they are singular athletes who bear the heaviest burdens of the 3-4 defense for the greater good of the team.

With their peers at the position, they

Denver's Ruben Carter stands his ground, head and shoulders above the offensive onslaught

are both the sacrificial lambs of pro football and force-fed gluttons for punishment—defenders for whom there is no escape from contact or collision, which they attract on every down they play. Thus the best—Culp, Hamilton, Dave Pear of Oakland, Ruben Carter of Denver, and the rest—should have even less love for the 3-4 than for the quarterbacks they are able to sack on rare occasions.

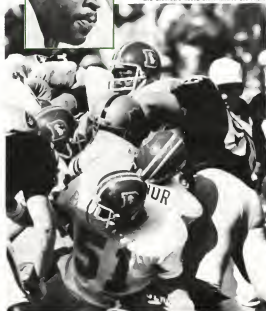
A bigger pain is the affront to the noseguard's ego. A defensive lineman in the 3-4 is no longer the freewheeling mauler and savage pass rusher he may have been in the conventional 4-3. Nor are he and his fellow linemen recognized by some catchy nickname. As a noseguard, his role is more disciplined and his tackles, sacks and applause all occur less often, although he has a heavier work load than he ever carried in the 4-3. Those defensive perks go to the linebackers he sacrifices for.

From the moment he lines up in the three-man front, it is obvious why the noseguard is so named, since there he is, nose to nose with the opposing center. But there is nothing odd or cute about his responsibility or the punishment he must take if the defense is to succeed. Once the ball is snapped, his territory becomes a free-fire zone replete with drive-blocking, clipping, holding, hand-fighting, bits from the blind side, legalized cheap shots—altogether, some of the game's dirtiest play. Amid all this, the noseguard must hold his ground and try to collapse the passing pocket even though he is invariably double- or triple-teamed by the blockers.

"There's no question in my mind," says Fritz Shurmur, the Patriots' defensive line coach, "that it's the most punishing position in football. The noseguard has a shot coming at him all the time, from a guard on either side as well as the center. We try to move the defense over once in a while to take a little bit of the heat off, but it's tough to protect him very much when you're rushing three and covering with eight."

The noseguard who can be handled by the center alone soon will be seeking

continued



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other work. It is essential that he tie up as many blockers as possible to free a line-backer for the tackle or for pass coverage. Toward that end, his options are precious few—he can fire off the line straight into the center or go right or left at the center's shoulder or the guard gap. Occasionally, he may start with one of the defensive ends. But rarely does he avoid the battering of a double-team block, which some teams execute by using a back to help the center, on the aptly named *Wump Play*.

For an example of the noseguard's lot, consider Pear's opening series against Denver last month. Bear in mind that it was one of his easier times on the field.

First for the Broncos at their 42—Pear slams off the right shoulder of Center Bill Bryan, takes a shot in the side but helps tackle Rob Lytle. **Second down—**Pear surges in through the right-guard gap, hand-fights Bryan and collapses the pocket; Quarterback Norris Weese escapes for seven yards. **Third down—**Pear, in the 4-3 this time, is blocked out of the play as Lytle gets a first down at the Raider 47. **First down—**Pear is whammed in a double-team by Bryan and Running Back Jim Jensen, which enables an Oakland line-backer to sack Weese for a loss of five yards. **Second down—**Pear smashes into Bryan, spins off the left guard and tackles Lytle. **Third down—**Raiders go to a four-man rush and sack Weese for a loss of eight yards.

In those six plays Pear endured a dozen different body blows while helping to hold Denver to three yards. Unlike the end, who may get a breather when a sweep goes away from him, the noseguard seldom is far removed from any play or its blockers and—a cause of much frustration—he is always the defender closest to the quarterback, whom he so seldom even touches.

"A lot of the time it's very difficult," says Culp, "because as defensive linemen we want to get to the quarterback but we have to be team-oriented first. Psychologically, it affects you if you let it, because you get off one blocker and there's another one waiting for you, and it's like that the whole game. So you just got to try and try and try."

Culp has won All-Pro honors five times during his career, and much of his success springs from the ability to make the good play no matter how much he may have been bumped around before-

hand. Culp gave a classic demonstration of his resilience last month when the Oilers opened the 1979 season at Washington. With 6½ minutes left to play, Houston trailed by five points. Culp crouched lower over the center, steeling himself for another charge at a Redskin offense that had handled him through much of the game with the usual double-teaming and by running to the outside. As the ball was snapped, Culp fired into the left shoulder of Center Bob Kuziel, caromed off and immediately took an explosive block from Ron Saul, the left guard. Moving to his left, Culp slipped off Saul's block and again collided with Kuziel, whom he grabbed and threw aside like a grizzly swatting a salmon. Culp then lunged toward the ruck of bodies converging at the right-tackle hole in time to hit John Riggins, the Redskin ballcarrier, who fumbled under the force of Culp's tackle. Houston recovered at the Washington 29-yard line, scored a touchdown eight plays later and hung on for a 29-27 victory.

Culp had survived three solid collisions before he made Riggins the victim of another, thus saving the Oilers from defeat—and all in less than 20 seconds' time.

Quickness, strength and agility are obvious requirements for the kind of explosive All-Pro play that Culp showed the Redskins, but a noseguard must have technique as well as talent. Size doesn't hurt, either.

Culp is 6' 1", 265. Hamilton 6' 1", 245; Carter 6', 256; and Pear 6' 2", 250. None is Too Tall, as in Jones. Height is a boon to a conventional defender but a detriment to a noseguard, who must get underneath the center's block and apply leverage.

"If I were 6' 5" or taller," Pear says, "I'd be too awkward to play the position. It's also easier to keep blockers off my legs at this height."

For Joe Collier, the Bronco defensive coordinator, noseguards also should be blessed

with an Oliver Hardy-model *gluteus maximus*. "They've got to be pretty wide," he says. "They can't be narrowhipped because they take so many of those angle blocks that the guy with a skinny rump will just get wiped out."

As for technique, Culp and Pear are effective even though their styles are radically different. Pear is exceedingly mobile and as often as he shoves, rips, grabs and pushes his way through blockers, he will race by or prouette off them, with moves vaguely akin to those of a vintage single-wing tailback. Pear beats many blockers because he probably has more speed than any other noseguard in the league, as well as a playing philosophy to match his reckless style. Convinced that the punishment of his position will shorten his career by games, if not seasons, Pear says, "My theory is I want to go for the gusto. I would rather play fewer years and do a good job than play a long time and do an average job." A wrestler in college, Culp uses his arms and upper body in a Greco-Roman approach to his art and, while he has won grudge-

continued



Another Bronco, Don Latimer eludes the enemy and bores in to ward the Oakland Raiders' pocket



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²The Motor Vehicle Theft Prevention Act of 1979 now in Congress would do just that. And make trafficking in stolen cars a Federal offense, too.

³The National Auto Theft Bureau also suggests using a vibrator pencil, etch the vehicle identification number in several hard-to-find spots. Use your imagination: the more unique your hiding place, the more exasperating to a thief!

⁴About 20% of stolen cars are

driven away with the keys the owner left in the ignition. In another 20%, keys are transparently "hidden" above the visor, in the glove compartment or under the driver's seat. Locking your car won't protect it from a professional thief, but it will protect it from the joy-riding

teenagers who account for many thefts.

⁵These devices only slow down a professional thief, but the more time it takes him, the more chance he'll be caught. Locking systems, cut-off switches and accuracy alarms are all available at auto supply stores.



ing respect from every blocker in the NFL, his highest praise comes from teammates who are trying to copy his work.

"You gotta realize how Curley uses his shoulders," says James Young, a third-year defensive end. "That's what he does better than anyone else. He looks like he's stepping right toward you, but he rocks and swings his shoulder to you and as he does that, he rips up and grabs and pulls you off balance."

"It's really like a chess game in there," says Carter. "What you have to do is use the different moves you develop—maybe a grab and rip, or a grab, fake and a rip. You've also got to rely on instinct. Sometimes you just feel that guard coming down and all of a sudden you know, 'I've got to shift my weight quick.' Sometimes you can dump the center in front of the guard and then you've got a bug pileup. You can have some fun at times."

Every man who plays this rugged position, however, finds one aspect no fun at all. The job has grown more dangerous than honest football should be because of the chop block, which the NFL has yet to rule out.

It is decidedly a dirty technique. An offensive player employing the chop block nullifies a noseguard or other defender by hitting downward toward his knees while he is immobilized by another blocker. Combined with the legal clip zone in the line, the chop block is a crimpier that jeopardizes the career of every defensive lineman.

"When that second guy goes for the knees," says Eddie Biles, the Houston defensive coordinator, "the defensive player has no chance at all. And it isn't necessary. If two people are going to work on one, the second guy doesn't need to hit below the waist. If they have to block that way, they don't belong in professional football."

"They don't really try to block, they try to maim you," says Culp. "It's something that shouldn't exist, but it does."

Dave Pear of Oakland, one of the fastest nose-men, moves like a vintage single-wing tailback



They took the head slap away from us on defense and I never saw anyone get hurt from a head slap, but last year against Buffalo, the damn back came through the line, went past me and then turned around and clipped me at the knees. I don't mind a guy cutting me from the front, but when he's behind you, you can't see him and you can't defend against that."

Pear agrees. "It doesn't make any sense at all to me," he says, "that they can chop at my knees and maybe give me the kind of injury that can wreck my career and I have no legal weapons to compensate. Hell, they've made crack-back blocks illegal, as well as blocking below the waist on kick returns and late hits on the quarterback. They ought to start looking at some of the shots the defensive linemen have to take. Noseguards in particular are taking some unbelievable shots at the knees."

The NFL has reacted to this sanctioned sleaziness in the finest tradition of the Department of Energy. In a memo last June, Commissioner Pete Rozelle acknowledged the objectionable aspects of the chop block and urged every coach to abandon its use and instruction. Yet it remains a legal game tactic.

Despite the peril and punishment, however, the noseguard tribe increases. Since 1973, when Miami first employed the 3-4 defense on its way to a 17-0 season, eight other teams have adopted the 3-4 (though many of them revert to the four-man line on passing downs): Houston, Oakland, Denver, New England, Kansas City, Buffalo, Philadelphia and Tampa Bay. As of two weeks ago, when the Giants temporarily used the 3-4 to stun Tampa Bay—New York's first victory of the season—some 20 players were staffing a position that hadn't been seen seven seasons ago. Among those challenging Culp, Pear & Co. as the best are Denver's Don Latimer (6' 3", 265), who has performed admirably the entire season, never better than during Carter's recuperation from an ankle injury; Philadelphia's unsung Charlie Johnson (6' 3", 262), who has had only two years' experience at the position; and Tampa Bay's Bill Kollar (6' 4", 250), who has helped make defense the most consistent asset of the improved Buccaneers.

His lot in football is not easy, but the noseguard is thriving despite his bruises, and what more can a sacrificial lamb expect?



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The 1980 Chrysler New Yorker. Fifth Avenue Edition.





Each year, professional tournament golf continues around the world, offering flavorful events with rich prizes, long after the American tour has done its best to cure insomnia. Last week, in an elegant patch on the fringe of Windsor Forest near London, the pros played a classy tournament called the World Match Play Championship, a competition far more thrilling than any of those Southern Opens and generally regarded as such by golfing fans elsewhere on the globe.

This time a young colonial named Bill (Buck) Rogers outlasted the amazing Isao Aoki of Japan, who earlier in the week had swung a club on the 2nd hole of the Wentworth course and fired a shot heard around the world. Well, maybe that noted sportswriter, Ralph Waldo Emerson, could have said it better. The point is that with a birdie on the last green of the 36-hole final on Sunday afternoon, Rogers, who was not even supposed to be there among the elite, had won himself a very big championship. And there was little wringing of hands over Aoki's loss, because by virtue of a hole-in-one on that second hole and by making it into the last round, he assured himself of winning more money in one week than any golfer in history.

First things first. Rogers, 27, slender, stylish, Texan, gloveless, winner only of the 1978 Bob Hope Desert Classic on the U.S. tour, got invited to the World Match Play because Tom Watson turned it down. The sponsor always reserves the right to include in the match play field someone out of the ordinary who has not automatically qualified by having conquered some part of the world earlier in the year. Rogers was the odd-man-in this year. To prove he deserved to be in the same company with the major championship and Order of Merit winners, Rogers did the following in four days of grueling 36-hole matches: he beat Sandy Lyle, tops in the European Order of Merit; Hale Irwin, the U.S. Open champion; Fuzzy Zoeller, the Masters winner; and Aoki, the defending World Match Play champ. In so doing, Roger was never out of the 60s as he literally butchered the



Last winter, Rogers was first at the finish

The big winner was the loser

Bill Rogers took home the World Match Play title, but Isao Aoki took a home

famed old Wentworth course. He was five-under against Lyle, also five-under against Irwin, 10-under against Zoeller and eight-under against Aoki, which, as it turned out, was barely good enough. Those who did not know that Rogers was ready to win had only to look back and see that he had been second his last two

times out, in the Texas Open and the World Series of Golf.

"I've never had more fun in my life," said Rogers after his victory. "I came here playing good, driving straight. Wentworth is like a tough, tight American course. And I had the underdog incentive. I love match play. This is a great tournament."

Monetarily, it was even greater for Aoki, a charming and talented player who is not only a straight batter off the tee but is, quite possibly, an all-time master of the pitch, chip and putt. That his 12-foot birdie putt on the final green against Rogers only greased the cup and did not fall thoroughly astonished him, because most of Aoki's putts do disappear. They normally drop with the swiftness that his 155-yard hole-in-one did on Friday, in his match against David Graham. Aoki struck a seven-iron. The ball hit one foot to the right of the flag and hopped in. That gave him \$125,000 to go along with the \$40,000 he would earn as the tournament runner-up. It was not \$125,000 in cash, but the price of a two-bedroom condominium at Gleneagles in Scotland, a prize offered by a real-estate company that had not bothered to send any executives to Wentworth because of the unlikelihood of anyone actually making an ace. After the hole-in-one, however, a man was flown to London to present Aoki with a key to the front door. Thus, Aoki left Britain with the equivalent of \$165,000. Rogers, the victor, had to be content with a paltry \$65,000 from the tournament's new sponsor, Suntory, the Japanese distiller.

The World Match Play Championship has been a huge success since its inception in 1964. For a long time there had been a need for a big tournament in the London vicinity, inasmuch as the British Open is alternately played in Scotland and on the Lancashire coast. The Piccadilly World Match Play, which later became the Colgate World Match Play and is now the Suntory World Match Play Championship, has, in a sense, become a sort of "London Open," taking its place in sporting and social circles alongside Wimbledon, the Henley Regatta

continued



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18 and Royal Ascot. Enormous crowds always turn out, as they did in the glorious weather of last week, and press coverage is second only to the British Open among European tournaments.

It was Mark McCormack who first recognized that both London and golf could use a premier match-play event. McCormack, who began his career by managing Arnold Palmer and now handles countless people and interests on six—or have you expanded to Antarctica, Mark?—continents, came to this conclusion after the U.S. PGA Championship allowed itself to be changed from match to medal play for the benefit of television. The PGA had been the grandest match-play tournament of them all. It took a while, but McCormack finally got the World Match Play going. Now, after 15 years, it is firmly established as one of the finest tournaments played outside the U.S.A.

Through the years, the event has produced high drama and winners of top quality—Palmer, Jack Nicklaus, Gary Player, Hale Irwin. That type. Player probably did more for the event than anyone. He not only won it five times, but he seemed forever to be getting embroiled in thrilling head-to-head battles. One year, Player found himself seven holes down to Tony Lema with only 17 to play. He won with a barrage of birdies. Afterward, Lema was heard to remark, with a certain amount of mysticism, "What Gary did had nothing to do with golf."

Although he was not to win this time, it was Player who again supplied some of the more dramatic moments. In the first round on Thursday, he found himself four down to Japan's Tohru Nakamura with only 11 holes left. Predictably he fought back to win. Then on Friday against Fuzzy Zoeller, he birdied the 35th hole to draw square and enacted a typical Player drama on the last hole. While Zoeller played safely onto the green in three strokes and had an eight-foot birdie putt, Player had struck a wild second shot into the forest, so deeply into the trees, in fact, it seemed that only Robin Hood would be able to find the ball. But the next thing anyone knew, Player had it in hand and was asking an official for a free drop to another part of the forest. A Japanese TV tower was in his line of sight, Player claimed, and he intended to play out to the fairway backward. The official unwittingly granted him the drop,

whereupon Gary played forward toward the green. Ha! An old trick. Golfers often try to bend the rules, and sometimes they get away with it.

Playing forward, however, was no bargain. Player had an opening about the size of a Titleist. He slashed at the ball, and it mowed down six branches and 200 leaves before bounding out of the woods and onto the green, about 20 feet from the flag. In that one slash, Player went from a treehouse to a birdie putt. But there, alas, the miracle ended. He missed the putt, and Zoeller made his to win. Had it gone the other way, Windsor Forest would have been decorated with a man hanging by his thumbs from the branch of a horse chestnut—the official who granted Player the free drop.

So it goes in match play, a form of golf the British understand and appreciate better than Americans, which is why the Piccadilly-Colgate-Suntory-McCormack Championship is so popular in England. The tournament has changed slightly over the years, though lately the format seems to have settled down to what went on last week. Twelve golfers of lofty reputation had been invited, and four were given byes in the first round. All matches were 36 holes over Wentworth's West Course, also known as the Burma Road because of its length and dangers. The four seeded players were Aoki, Irwin, Zoeller and Severiano Ballesteros, the dashing British Open champion. David Graham, the U.S. PGA champion, was unseeded, though he is a former World Match Play winner as well. It was McCormack's way of saying where our PGA tournament rates.

The first round passed with Graham beating Mark James of Great Britain; Lanny Wadkins, who qualified by winning the Tournament Players' Championship, defeating Argentina's Vicente Fernandez; Rogers, the mystery guest, whipping Britain's Lyle, and Player doing that thing to Nakamura. It was in the second round that Zoeller edged Player; that Rogers upset Irwin; that Aoki outbirded Graham; and that the normally meandering Ballesteros shot six-under-par against Lanny Wadkins, never missing a fairway with his driver.

This narrowed the field down to four semifinalists, who met in what proved to be two incredible matches on Saturday. A couple of ex-teammates from the University of Houston, Rogers and Zoeller, were paired in one. Aoki and Ballesteros



Runner up Aoki displays his \$125,000 golf ball

collided in the other, Japan against Spain, a world conflict of the highest order. The morning 18 found Rogers and Zoeller mixing laughter with birdies. They each fired a 67, had a best ball of 61, went around in two hours and a half, and could easily have played through Aoki and Seery on numerous occasions. The Americans continued scorching the place in the afternoon before Rogers finally closed the match out two up, with two late, long putts that gave him another 67. But Aoki and Ballesteros played almost into darkness. Surrounded by thousands of spectators and dozens of Japanese journalists, they went 40 holes before Aoki's three-foot birdie putt captured the day. Ballesteros had blown short winning putts on both the 36th and 37th holes, and he had three-putted from a mere 20 feet at the 38th to keep himself from winning. But that, of course, was Aoki's lucky hole, where he had made the hole-in-one to win the condominium.

In a way, Aoki's accomplishments overshadowed those of Rogers last week, or maybe it only seemed that way because of all the Japanese who were there, bowing and exchanging business cards. When the tournament was over, a lot of people were still wondering what Isao Aoki would do with a home on a grouse moor. One suggestion was that he could rent it to Rogers, who could now afford a vacation. Another was that he earn further income by turning it into a restaurant—Benihana of Scotland. **END**

HOME

Four views on whether Thomas Wolfe

RAYMOND CHARLES KENNEDY NOTRE DAME '55

Ray, a resident of Cincinnati, played freshman basketball but is best known as the announcing voice of the Notre Dame band. He was also VP of his sophomore class

"And now, for your halftime pleasure..."



RONALD DWANE FIMRITE CALIFORNIA '52

Ron hails from San Leandro, Calif., and was sports editor of the Osoy Car as well as a member of the Order of the Golden Bear honorary society and Chi Psi social fraternity

One of Beau's best buddies

COMING

really knew what he was talking about by...



JOHN WARREN UNDERWOOD
MIAMI '56

John, who is from right here in Miami, is a member of the Iron Arrow society and has worked full time, first for the *News* and then the *Herald*, all four years he has attended Miami.

A much heralded young writer

S. FRANK DEFORD
PRINCETON '62

Frank, who is from Baltimore, was chairman of the *Daily Princetonian* and editor of the *Tiger*. He is considering a career in advertising or journalism.

Run it up the flagpole, Frank



NOTRE DAME 1951-55

by RAY KENNEDY *The Old Grad's defenses were up—until the echoes of Rockne brought on alumni*

Talk about your party poopers. Here were all these revelers fixing to whoop it up, when a gang of intruders from Pittsburgh crashed the Notre Dame homecoming game and threatened to turn it into their celebration. Brushing aside the Irish bouncers, Pitt's gate-crashers had bullied their way into the fourth quarter and held a 17-7 lead. The party could not have been more somber if someone had spiked the punch with novocaine.

Was there no respect for tradition? For all the dramatic comeback victories that were preserved in the fuchsia prose of countless ND chroniclers? Had no one read of the old "do-or-die fighting spirit," that "special something that separates Notre Dame football from the rest"? What was at



Kennedy, an ex-band announcer, left at home with the man in blue

stake here was not losing a hard-fought battle to a superior foe. That was just a venial sin. No, what was being committed was the most grievous, Knute forgave them, of transgressions: the Fighting Irish—weren't fighting.

Or so it seemed to one Old Grad who had returned to the yellow-brick stadium for the first time since his mustering out in 1955. True, he was spoiled; during his four seasons on campus the Irish lost only five of 40 games. And he was admittedly suffering from alumnnesia, a convenient affliction that causes past defeats to fade from memory while the victories flower into the kind of rosy legends that no mortal team could ever live up to.

Still, there was no absolving the 1978 Irish. Just five games into the season the defending national champions had not only slipped out of the Top 20 rankings but also seemed bent on sliding to their third loss. Pitt, undefeated and ranked ninth, was favored, but that only made them an ideal patsy for the expected upset. After all, this was Notre Dame, guardians of all that is sacred in the game, the team ordained to wake up the echoes and shake down the thunder.

The Old Grad learned that lesson on his very first day on campus in 1951. They called it freshman orientation, but it was really a festival of fan training films. First, there were flickering newsreel clips of the Four Horsemen. No master that the fabled four, whose average weight was 162 pounds, looked more like Shetlands. They were bigger than life, the stuff of legends, and if there were any doubters they only had to wait for the feature, Knute Rockne, All-American, and Pat O'Brien delivering the Rock's famous



Things still looked bright for Deford as he took the walk down Roper Lane to see Princeton play

halftime speech: "Go out there and crack 'em! Crack 'em! Crack 'em! Crack 'em! Fight to live! Fight to win! Win! Win! Win!"

Not that even three-months-removed high schoolers had needed the tutoring. The ties to the storied past reached directly into the Old Grad's freshman dorm where, late of a night, his roommate, Chet Wynne Jr., would retell how his father scored the winning touchdown in the Gipper's last game. Sons of the Seven Mules lived down the hall, and there was never any doubt that everyone would graduate *summa cum rah rah*.

Like Trappists in white bucks, students were governed by stiff rules that required the electrical power in dorm rooms to be shut off at 11 p.m. Cars were forbidden. Dating was a rare luxury, and beer on the breath grounds for expulsion. The 10 p.m. bed check and compulsory attendance at mass were overseen by the jocks, and the Old Grad would forever recall the time he was awakened at dawn by Tackle Frank Varrichione. Looming in the doorway like a hairy avenging angel, he wanted to know why the "playboy" wasn't in the chapel. Within moments, he was.

The drill was simple, study on weekdays, scream on weekends. And scream everyone did, often led by Coach Frank Leahy, who liked to remind the "lads" that the "Lady on the Dome is watching us." When one student met Leahy, the walking legend, on campus, he was too awestruck to speak, so he did the next most natural thing. He genuflected.

The Old Grad, having later matriculated in the school of hard reality with a minor in cynicism, had a different reaction as he arrived in South Bend on the eve of the Pitt game: none of that gushy rah-rah stuff for him. Yet barely had the Old Grad traversed the quadrangle when it was clear that Thomas Wolfe was wrong. You can go home again. The Rockne Memorial, the Log Chapel, the Old Firehouse with the room Leahy once stayed in preserved intact—all the monuments of his youth—were just as the Old Grad left them.

In fact, like the historic fire escape that Paul Hornung, doing his Gipp number, used to sneak in after curfew, every landmark linked the past to a present that seemed reassuringly impervious to change.

But wait. Was that a young lady the Old Grad saw dashing into Walsh Hall, his senior dorm? Venturing inside, he peered into his old room and there on the radiator where he used to dry his sweat socks was the frilly evidence that Notre Dame was indeed fostering a feminine mystique. More startling still, as the Old Grad reeled outside he spotted



Fitzee found tangible reminders of his undergraduate days at Berkeley.

one of the lads actually holding hands with a coed. Egad, the old monastery had become a Club Med franchise!

Even Badin Hall, the Animal House of the 1950s, was sporting lace curtains. While visiting the top floor the Old Grad met roommates Fran Coughlan and Adrienne Marshall and grandly informed them that in 1953 he resided in the very next room. Encouraged by their awed expressions, he told them how the devilish Badinites of old climbed to the roof to store their contraband beer in the snow-filled gutters, how they fired rockets out the windows and . . .

"Wow!" Fran interrupted. "1953. We weren't even born then."

continued



Even before Miami took the field, Underwood had experienced moments of elation and despair.

HOME COMING

Abruptly silent, the somewhat older Old Grad skulked off, stopping at the Grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes, where, as always, the faithful were lighting candles to ensure that the Irish would work yet another miracle victory. Spirits uplifted, the Old Grad then joined the throng following the Notre Dame band on its traditional roundup tour for the big pep rally in Siepan Center. Coach Dan Devine, not one for fiery speeches, was a no-show. But Digger Phelps, the funeral director's son turned basketball coach, was a suitably wild-eyed sub, directing cheers and shouting into the mike, "They say that Notre Dame is dead. Well, The Undertaker is here to tell you that we are alive and we ~~are~~!"

Perhaps it was because of the cheerleader who looked like June Allyson, or maybe it was the fireworks blowing in the night sky, but the pregame delirium was such that the Old Guard felt like an extra in one of those idealized campus pigskin movies of the '50s. Indeed, the scenes—the glee club belting out *Hike, Notre Dame*; the crackly voice of Rockne booming from a dorm stereo ("Fight to live!"); the student barbecue stands; the strolling bagpipers; the dorm bands—might well have been staged by Cecil B. O'Mille.

But then the game began, and as the delirium gave way to the doldrums of the fourth quarter, it was sadly apparent that this was a flick in dire need of a socko finish, some kind of *deus ex machismo* that would fire up the Irish. For one awful moment the Old Grad considered speaking out the exit.

Then it happened. During a pileup, Guard Tim Huffman suffered a neck injury and had to be helped from the field by his older brother, Dave, the All-America center. Risking a delay of game penalty, Dave refused to leave

his brother's side, saying, "We've got more centers than I've got brothers." To which Tim replied (chroniclers take note): "Get your ass onto that field and play football!"

Back in the huddle, Dave Huffman spoke emotionally of brotherly love. "If this doesn't get us stirred up," he concluded, "nothing will." Blocking with a vengeance, Huffman helped clear the way for Jerome Heavens, who broke Gipp's career Irish rushing record of 2,341 yards as he ran for 21 yards on four successive plays. Then Joe Montana, en route to completing seven of seven passes for 110 yards in the final 14 minutes, capped an electric 86-yard scoring drive with a toss to Kris Haines. **Pitt 17, ND 13.**

Yelling as of yore, the Old Grad fancied that Cecil B. had revved up the *Hike*, *Notre Dame* sound track and was splicing in the sound effects and quick cuts of the ND heroes in action.

Whap! Dean Masziak grabs a 22-yard pass. Popt! Montana plunges in from one yard out. Oooff! Case recovers a Pitt fumble. Zip! Ferguson snares a quickie pass in the end zone. Zap! Wayner picks off an interception. Bang! Final score: ND 26, Pitt 17.

The rest was all beery reverie, beginning with the post-game party for the Class of '55 in the athletic center. Amid the raucous back-clapping my classmate Dave Metz stood strangely mute, rolling his eyes and gesturing feebly as if senility were hard upon him. Copping his hands around the Old Grad's ear, Metz said in a halting whisper, "I've ... yelled ... myself ... hoarse." Don't worry, someone told him, Varrichione would stop by his motel room for the 10 p.m. bed check and teach him how to scream again.

Then, like refugees from *Happy Days*, the Old Grad and several classmates and their wives made the rounds of the tailgate and camper parties. Next came the alumni ball, and after many puffing two-step turns and racy dips, the party moved on to the Whistleton restaurant.

Jim O'Shea, raising his fine Irish tenor to the rafters, almost literally broke up the joint with a rousing *Macnamara Band* that had everyone in the restaurant beating on the crockery to make the drums go bang and the cymbals clang. At one point, somewhere between the first and 38th toast to the loyal sons of Notre Dame, the Old Grad pondered, if this isn't what homecomings are supposed to be all about, then why did he feel like a sophomore again?

At Mass in Sacred Heart Church, the next morning, the sermon helped put everything into perspective. The theme was perseverance, hanging in there though the odds be great or small. To despair in the face of adversity, the priest said from the pulpit, was "like walking out before the fourth quarter was over." From the pew where the duty penitent Old Grad sat, came a muttered "Amen."

continued



Kassidy's visit to his old room left **one** current resident in stitches. The other was unmoved.



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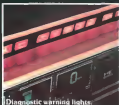
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Dean Lippincott instantly recognized Delord, whom he had twice given the leave and thus lengthened Frank's stay in Tigertown



Blurred and affective—how Beau Regardo would have scoffed!—Old Blue Frenchie watched California lose to Stanford 30-10

CALIFORNIA 1949-52

by **RON FIMRITE** *A private dialect and a secret idol reappear in the familiar surroundings of The Lodge*

The Lodge doesn't look right. It has this tidy redwood facade now instead of the great cracking stone pillars and the vines. Once it looked like a Greek ruin; now it could be a banker's country estate. But it is still, amusingly, "The Lodge." Other fraternity boys at Cal had "houses" to come home to, we had "The Lodge." The Campanile bells would toll the hour as we trudged uphill in the darkening afternoon. And as we rounded the corner of Bancroft and Piedmont, we could glimpse the gray horror amid the imitation Tudor mansions of the other fraternities and sororities. The Lodge.

It is only 11 in the morning, but the streets leading to Memorial Stadium are already clotted with fresh-faced rooters, young and old. Piedmont Avenue is alive with color—the red of Stanford, the blue of Cal. It is Big Game Day. Cal will play Stanford, and we Cal men, we Old Blues, are dressed in blue and gold. Once I would not have considered making such a concession to old-school chauvinism. I would no more wear blue and gold on Big Game Day than I would wear green on St. Patrick's Day. Now I am a true-blue Old Blue in blue blazer.

We will have lunch and a few drinks at The Lodge before the game, then be off to the stadium only a block or so away. We climb stairs to what was once a rolling lawn. It is a giant patio now, the roof of an underground garage that also serves as an outdoor dance floor for fraternity parties. I search the faces in the crowd for guys from "my era." No one else there interests me in the slightest. We guys from "my era" have been out of college for more than a quarter of a century now, but on occasions like this we still cling to each other, hanging together for protection against outsiders.

We are underage, all of us, but the huge black man in the camel's-hair overcoat at the door recognizes us instantly and cheerfully lets us pass. It is 2:30 on the morning of the Big Game, and the Longbar in San Francisco's Fillmore District—the city's Harlem—is just now coming alive. Black entertainers from all over the city have finished their regular performances by now, so they will flock to the Longbar to jam before audiences more sympathetic and aware. We are the only whites in the long, narrow, smoky room, and we are treated like household pets. The Eddie Hammond Trio—"featuring Sammy Simpson on the tenor sax"—strikes up the Cal fight song, "The Sturdy Golden Bear . . ." as we walk in, our tweed coats bulging with the bottles we have been allowed to sneak onto the premises. We take a table near the bandstand and order glasses all around, which we will fill with "Red Death," a near-lethal mixture of gin and Dubonnet. The Red Death is a test of our manhood. We are 19, and in our own minds we are Fitzgerald creations, Amory Blaines and Anthony Patches incarnate. Sweetly doomed young men.

The sun is rising over the East Bay hills as we drive across the Bay Bridge through the early-morning mist. The Campanile materializes in the gloom, providing a sight line to the campus, The Lodge. We look pale, phantasmal in the half-light as we cross the lawn, gugging, and mount the stairs unsteadily. Upstairs, sacked out on the sleeping deck, are those we dismiss as men lacking our esprit, our intimation. It is six in the morning. We have heard Danah Washington sing this night. We have talked to prostitutes and dope dealers. We have drunk the Red Death, and we are slightly sick to our stomachs. As the first shafts of sunlight illuminate the Kappa house across the street, we lean against fissured stone pillars, laughing helplessly. Can there ever again be moments so sad and joyous as these?

I find Duff and Chubbis on the patio, and I see R.L.V. in the distance. We guys never exchange conventional sal-

continued



Super Sunday-

You get a great idea—why not kick off
the game from your own yard line?
So you dust off the grandstand, bring out
the set, and set out Smirnoff bloody marys and bullshots.
And it's an afternoon that's one for the books.
Smirnoff vodka. It leaves you breathless.

Smirnoff Style



utations. We slide into our conversations obliquely, as if we really didn't intend to address one another. "Oh, yesss," says Chubbies, ruminatively. Chubbies goes to all the Cal games now. I do not recall that he had the remotest interest in football when we were undergraduates and the Rose Bowl seemed a part of the regular schedule. I tell him I have seen one Cal game this year, the 45-0 loss to UCLA. "Oohh yesss," he says gloomily.

But we do not talk about football. We talk about what we have always talked about—women and hangovers. We are happily discoursing on our latest discoveries in these perplexing fields when I feel a tap on my shoulder. I turn to confront the hard blue gaze of a man in his 50s whom I recognize instantly. He was president of The Lodge when I joined, one of the returned servicemen who ran the fraternity like a boot camp. They were the "old guys," men already in their mid-20s who had fought in "the war," men of the world we held in awe. They wanted nothing more of college life than that it should be exactly as they left it before the war. They revered tradition. They believed resolutely in the "fraternity system." We did not, and when we in our turn became somewhat younger "old guys," we supplanted their ritual with pure anarchy. The former "old guys" had so intimidated us with their abra-cadabers and their hazing that we chuckled it all out. We ran a burlesque queen for "Soph Doll" and transformed the once-sacred initiation ceremony into a comic opera.

"Good to see you," I say to the old guy. Actually, it was good to see him.

We secured the black robe and the hood from the "secret room" where the initiation paraphernalia is kept. We scrounged the mascara, talcum powder and lipstick from the bathroom that served earlier as the women's john at the Big Game luncheon.

"He needs more black under the eyes," says Weakley. "The eyes are vital. Are the teeth comfortable, Grooms? Good."

Grooms stands before us, a monster in black, his face chalk white except for the blackened eyes and the blood-red lips, from which novelty-store fangs grotesquely protrude. We have created him.

We situate him before a crackling fire in the fireplace, advising him to strike a dignified pose, one elbow resting comfortably on the mantel. The Count—Dracula, our hero—was noted for his sangfroid, we remind him.

We hide in the darkness near Grooms, waiting for the first old guy to come back from his Big Game-night date. We had not had dates. We had gone to our hangout, the "V" (for Varsity Lounge), where we had hatched this scheme. There is activity at the door. An old guy walks in, resplendent in dress shirt, cashmere sweater, doekin slacks and loafers. He looks pretty smug until he gets a load of Grooms at the fireplace.

"Gooooohh, nooooo," he gasps, backing out the door.

"Good work, Grooms. Cool."

I look out over the scene on the deck. We mill about there in our sports coats and slacks. The women, old girls now, have blue-and-gold corsages pinned to their sensible wool sweaters. The fraternity kids circulate dutifully among us, on orders to make us feel "at home." Mostly, we resist their advances. We hang out by age and by clique. An earnest young man tells me the old frat is in sound shape financially and is academically near the top among the houses at Cal. I tell him we were hopelessly in debt and just about at the bottom of the scholastic ladder. "I'm afraid we were irresponsible little cheoks," I tell him. Cheeks? Of course, the word means nothing to him. It is one of ours.

We had our language, and it revealed much of what we were about. A "cheek" was a kind of jerk. Women were "areas." To "con" was to ogle areas. Necking was "working." Sleep was "flut ones." Beers were "hooks." Shots of whiskey were "whips." Parties were "flails." Throwing up was "birding." A mythical scamp, "Jocko," was responsible for all disasters, including blind dates. And another character wholly of our invention, "Beau Regardo," was our standard-bearer, the embodiment of all we held dear—indifference, urbanity, elegant sloth, coolness. His rewards—and they were many—were achieved without any discernible expenditure of effort.

"Beau's areas don't bird on the upholstery the way yours do, Gartz."

"True, but Beau's areas can handle their whips. Mine can't."

"Beau doesn't phone for a date two weeks in advance, either."

"Nah, the same night is plenty of time. Any area would break a date for Beau."

"Beau got nothing but As and Bs again, and yet you never see him with a book."

"Cheeks carry books. Beau carries a single notebook."

"When I grow up, I want to be Beau Regardo."

For the first time in close to 30 years I had gone to the big outdoor rally in the Greek Theater the night before the Stanford game. I had gone to hear Garff Wilson, now a special assistant to the university chancellor, read the *Andy Smith Eulogy*, which he wrote and began reading in 1949 when he was a professor of speech. Andy Smith was a raffish Cal coach whose "Wonder Teams" of the early 1920s went undefeated for five straight years. He died relatively young, and in accord with his last wishes, his ashes were sprinkled over Memorial Stadium. For 30 years Wilson had doggedly read his eulogy before every Big Game, no matter what the mood of the times. He even read it in the mid-'60s when the Berkeley campus was the focal point of a student revolution against, among other "irrelevancies," things like football games and the *Andy Smith Eulogy*.

Now the eulogy is enjoying a comeback. And when Wilson cranked up for his socko finish at this latest Big Game rally—"the multitudes stood silent while an airplane circled overhead"—the students solemnly held lighted candles before them in the cavernous amphitheater. And when he finished, they cheered him and the departed coach.

I tell my old friends of the strange hold this recitation has had on me over the years as we retrace our footsteps through time to the stadium where Smith's ashes were strewn. They are amused at my mawkishness. Would Beau Regardo sit still for the *Andy Smith Eulogy*?

"D'ya think we ought to catch some fist ones?"

"Naw, it's too late for sleep. The game's
continued

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Pelletier O. Antioch N.Y. Academy of Sciences 228: 156-168, 1975.



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It took a few hours, and the flames on cheeks'll be crawling all over. Let's go up to the roof and con some FYI's."

"Geez, they were fluting at this. I'm going tonight."

"Tonight? You mean this morning?"

"Yeah, it's always morning, isn't it?"

Let's keep it that way.

MIAMI 1952-56

by JOHN UNDERWOOD Every time things begin to look up for the alum, someone shot them down

I am convinced that homecomings are mostly positive expressions, and though I harbor minor reservations, I do not share the skepticism of the Miami sophomore I happened upon who likened the one we attended (separately) to a brush with Zen Buddhism. He found it interesting, he said, but of no particular meaning. Most of my experiences with the ritual have come while traveling to colleges other than my own. The prospect of going back and reexperiencing one at the University of Miami sent my mind into a kind of vertical roll, so removed was I. I had been busy Making A Career, even as an undergraduate, and had not developed as a homecomer. I suspected that if you were not a perennial and had been pushed to catch up overnight, like an artificially ripened tomato, a Homecoming could be a bad trip. Most of all, I thought I would feel like an intruder. This turned out to be an unfounded fear. I did not feel like an intruder at my Homecoming. I felt intruded upon.

Early in the week I took a ride through the campus to see the house decorations (the Hurricanes were up against a team called the Aztecs, there seemed to be a number of unusual acts you could perform on Aztecs) and limned, by happenstance, with a professor I had not seen in 15 years. I remembered his having lapsed when he really got into a subject. I told him that the campus seemed quite pleasant and bustling and I was having a good time already.

"Not after you read this," he said, and passed a copy of a Sunday magazine section over under my nose. Under a splashy headline that said THE BIGGEST AND BEST UNIVERSITY IN ALL THE CORM CARDS WANTS YOU TO THINK OF IT AS THE CORNELL OF THE SOUTH, the writer resurrected the clichéd specter of "Sunman U." She said that Miami's legendary position as a "party school" was intact, and that its image was "burnished only by the sun." She paid grudging tribute to the fact that the Miami medical school was so good it had to turn away 90% of its applicants, and the law school 80%, but in total the "gentlemen and gentlewomen" of the university were, like "the ancient Sisyphus, doomed to roll the stone up the mountain, the stone that keeps falling back."

My professor friend looked like a man who had been rolling stones all day. What bothered him most of all, he said, was the hoary appellation "Sunman U." He said *The Saturday Evening Post* had used the line 30 years ago, "and it wasn't so funny then, either." I consoled him that the image never bothered me, that I had more confidence in my education than that. Besides, what did he think college kids do with their spare time, anyway? "You think they ignore the ski slopes in Colorado? The beer halls in New Haven?" He shook his head silently. "Sunman U," he muttered. I was glad to get out and let him pay the check.

The Homecoming parade had more people in it than watching it. One sponsoring group, the school of engineering and architecture, had to hand-carry its decorations up Ponce de Leon Boulevard and down Miracle Mile because somebody stole the float bed. But I had my kids along, and parades are always good when you've got kids to explain the fine points. Happily, I ran into George Mira, Miami's all-time quarterback. George's figure had settled some, but he still looked as if he could throw a football through a wall. I was pleased to learn his pizza-parlor business was thriving.

When Mira moved off to find the flutist he was supposed to ride, a man in his 20s, who had been cavedropping, volunteered the opinion that Miami's teams had never been as exciting as they were when Mira was firing away in the '60s. The young man had the despairing face of someone trained not to cry under pain-

ful injury, but you could not really challenge to praise. "We used to fly the Orange Bowl," he said. "Now we're lucky to get 20,000." He said it was hopeless, even with the insatiable Dolphins usurping Miami's claims.

I told him he had to have more faith in college football than that, that it was an infinitely better game and that all it would take would be a big victory or two. He said yeah, but over whom? We play all the good teams on the road and get waxed, and we get to 'come home' to see San Diego State."

"The Aztecs?"

Yeah.

I said not to worry about attendance at other big-city schools—Pittsburgh USC—had turned their programs around despite the prominence and Miami would, too.

"Not under Lou Saban," the young man said.

"Why not?"

"He's a here-today, gone-tomorrow. He never finishes a job."

At an alumni breakfast at the university, I was pleased to get the chance to hear Coach Saban himself assess the situation. I figured Saban for it real soon, not a quitter, although I knew he had presented a moving target over the years. It was only his second year at Miami, but it was his 10th coaching job.

His talk was nothing if not realistic. He seemed to have been influenced by the same prose stylist who inspired the writer of the Sunday magazine article. He told us the football team's attempts to regain respectability were like trying to climb a mountain and "when you get to the top of the ledge with your fingers, someone is on top stepping on your hands and saying, 'You're not quite ready yet.'"

Listening, I experienced a sudden lull, as one might who has been climbing mountains and rolling stones. I wondered how long Saban would stand getting his fingers mashed, and mentally compared him with the football coach Miami had when I was in school, the late Andy Gustafson. Gus had come down from West Point to give Miami its best teams in the '50s and early '60s and had sunk his roots. Even when he had an occasional loss and was under fire, he never threatened to pull out.

Saban also showed up for the Esch, one-pep rally on the student union patio

There he sounded more hopeful, I was pleased to note. Although the barbecued chicken ran out, the soft night air began to fill with the unmistakable aroma of optimism. Fortified to cheer, we moved down the patio toward the student lake, and just before the rally started I bumped into a former classmate whose name I miraculously remembered. He had retained most of his hair but none of his warthole and said he was "into plastics." Apparently plastics were a springboard to affluence, because he said he was now a regular contributor to the university and returned every year for Homecoming.

I told him the old school looked pretty prosperous, too; that in driving around I had gotten disoriented a number of times, what with all the new buildings. He said yes, but did I know you could get high on the pot fumes just walking through some of the dorms? I said you hear that at every campus you go to. It was the signature of the generation.

He said yes, but did I know that a delivery girl bringing pizza to students in a dorm room late one recent night got "assaulted"? I said the old school looked pretty cozy and safe to me. He said yes, but did I know what lengths they had to go to? "We've got an after-dark escort service now to get girls across the campus safely." I told him that was a sure sign that chivalry was not dead, and I moved away under the pretense of finding a lost child.

The Miami publicist called the homecoming game with San Diego State a match of "two ships passing in the night." They almost passed unnoticed. Only 17,000 people showed up for the game, making a puny impression on the massive Orange Bowl. I was determined to have a good time anyway, and almost succeeded. The alumni had set up an open bar on the 50-yard line beforehand, and those of us in Iron Arrow—a men's honor society distinguished by its Seminole Indian jackets—were a highly enthusiastic group by the time we made our "traditional tunnel" for the players to run through as they came onto the field. But as we made our way back to our seats, a fellow tribesman told me we had to "stick together" through all this.

"Stick through what?" I said.

He said didn't I remember that Iron Arrow, "the highest honor achieved by men at the university," had been forced

off campus because of our "discrimination" against women? I told him I had nothing against women, at least not that I knew of. I said as far as I was concerned there were some I had seen at the alumni dance the night before who would look very good in a Seminole Indian jacket.

"I moved the dance," he said. But did I realize, he went on, that while I was dancing, the Miami undergraduates having their formal on Miami Beach had done \$10,000 in damage to the Konoher Hotel's men's room? I told him that at least they showed some spirit. He said it was no laughing matter. I said I'd see him around.

It was months later before I sat down to put my thoughts together. I counted on time to be a leveling factor. In the interval, Lou Sahun quit (with four years on his contract) and moved on to West Point, an ironic twist. I had no sense of loss. Nevertheless, when it was announced that Miami had hired Howard Schnellenberger to take his place, I was relieved. Schnellenberger learned under Bear Bryant, and Bryant never left a job he did not first succeed at.

But in recollecting my experience, I was shocked to discover that I couldn't remember the name of the team Miami had played that Homecoming night. I actually had to look it up in my notes.

The more I thought about it, the more significance I found in this oversight. When Miami's 1979 schedule came out I checked for the Homecoming date, and made a note on my calendar.

PRINCETON 1957-62

by FRANK DEFORD *Winning might not be everything, but who wants to come home and just be depressed?*

For goodness sake, I don't know what I'm doing in here with all these football factories. At Princeton, we don't even call it Homecoming. Listen, Homecoming is entirely too Midwestern. You see, we don't emphasize football. But never mind. Each fall one game is played at

Princeton that stirs the alumni—the Yale game or the Harvard game, depending on which "Big Three" rival we're playing at home that year. Believe it or not, some Americans still consider Harvard, Yale and Princeton as the Big Three, even when it comes to football. Anyway, whenever anybody refers to Harvard, Yale and Princeton, they always do it in that order. We Princetonians know in our hearts that the rest of the world thinks of us as No. 3, and that has always provided us with a greater incentive to try and show up the Harvards and the Yales between the sideline stripes.

In the olden days, like when I was a student, we used to succeed at this regularly, too, and proud alumni would come in station wagons and special trains from near and far to watch the Tiger grid juggernaut roll. Hey, we played a single wing. A single wing? And we stuck it to all those pantiwaist Tee formations. Each week Kazmaier, Flippin, Sachs, Iacovazzi, some new Tiger star running wild, Palmer Stadium packed, alumni all rising at the end, holding their hats to their hearts, waving and singing *Old Nassau*. There was also still a lot of to-do about F. Scott Fitzgerald having gone to Princeton. You could cut the atmosphere with a bread knife.

Nowadays, I can't imagine why anybody in his right mind would go back to Old Nassau for a football game. Ever since they let girls in the school, the football team has gone all to hell. We haven't had a winning season since 1970, and it is an even more depressing fact that we haven't beat Yale since 1967. In many parts of India, children have been conceived, born, betrothed and married without ever knowing of a Princeton victory over Yale. Oh, sure, don't get me wrong, I'll be the first to admit there are more important things in life than football, but also, look, if I had wanted the Nebraska experience, I would have become a thresher.

Actually, none of this should be surprising inasmuch as the whole rationale for Princeton football has become superfluous. The idea of football games was a) to get the alumni back so they would get drunk and give more money, and b) give the students an excuse for what was called "unimportant" girls, there being none in the vicinity, except the ones at Rutgers, who didn't count. But now that they

have girls on campus, b) is eliminated, and the alumni—a large portion of whom are still debating the merits of the Missouri Compromise—won't give money because they are furious that today's Princeton students have girls around "when they didn't." And, *Interim*, all kidding aside, even if we had only the third-best education in Megalopolis, we should come away from Princeton with some smarts. If there is one thing you learn with a Princeton education, it is don't waste a trip back to the Garden State to watch a rinky-dink Ivy League game—especially if you never win. We don't even beat Brown anymore; imagine that.

As a consequence, when I arrived back at Princeton one gorgeous autumn Saturday last year, everybody was so old. Apparently, the only alumni who still watch the Ivy League are so ancient they have not yet got the news about the pros. They will pay \$7 a pop to watch the Big Three (sic) thrash about. But I saw many advertisements about The Friends of Princeton Football having a meeting, so I went there. Unfortunately, the room was empty. There was a great spread of coffee and juice and pastry, but nary one F. of P.F.

So, I made like Goldilocks for a while, and when I was filled I found a passerby in the hall and asked him were there no more Friends of Princeton Football (not counting the teams that play us), and he said whereas there wasn't but a corporal's guard, the Friends were not extinct altogether and had gone out to watch the Harvard-Princeton freshman game.

I grabbed a take-out pastry and went to see that game. Harvard and Princeton tied, 13 all, but I don't want to dwell on that, because, as you know, nowadays a tie is like kissing your sibling.

Now for the nostalgia highlight of this saga. As I was leaving the freshman game, I met William Lippincott, who was the dean of students when I was an undergraduate. He kicked me out twice, the second time being a bum rap, a Real Star Chamber. But, as I told the dean on this occasion, let bygones be bygones, that is my motto. Besides, in those days you could get kicked out for so many things. There was a plethora of rules. You had to go to church, go to classes, do schoolwork, great impositions were placed on students in those days.

continued

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I had a roommate who played five-card stud as his major, and when he got kicked out the one time with me, the dean said: "Well, Mr. C—, I see you are already on scholastic probation, and on chapel probation and on cut probation, and when you come back from your suspension—you're a cardplayer, aren't you, Mr. C—?"—well, I'm going to put you on disciplinary probation so that you'll have the only full house on campus." As you can see, Dean Lippincott was a man who loved his work, and so he and I cut up about the old times, and, to be perfectly honest, I was really delighted that he recognized me, because it would have left me empty if a guy who kicked me out didn't even remember me.

I went up Prospect Street then, past where all the social clubs are, into the middle of the campus, where the band was ... what? Mobilizing? Fomenting? The Princeton band is much the best thing about Princeton football. It might have been even when we could beat Brown. The band marches in straggly lines and sort of forms clever halftime items, like the occasion when ABC was televising a Princeton game (no, I don't know why), and the band spilled out ABC, and as soon as the cameras turned on the field, the band switched the A to an N. The band may be running a little short on double entendres, but it retains the right attitude.

You see, there is an oppressive self-consciousness to Ivy League football. In the game programs, they always make a big fuss about printing what the players major in right alongside what position they play. While the crew can row all year, spring football is taboo because football is not emphasized. But, of course, Princeton still claims to be a major-college Division I-A NCAA team, it hustles tickets, and it fires its coaches just about as regularly as the San Diego Chargers do. And the trouble is that beneath this smug administrative double standard of the Ivies there are people just as involved, people who work and care about a won-lost record just as much as they do in Norman, Oklahoma. Only they are never permitted to admit that football can matter. More platitudes are mouthed about the importance of higher education in behalf of Ivy League football than in behalf of higher education. So it is all very maddening and hypo-

critical, and it is why the sensible young alumni go see the pros and root for them, because there they can be honest about caring. Ivy League football fans have the same frustrations competitively as the Victorians did sexually.

But the band laughs. I walked along with it for a while. They played the Dead March from *Saul* as they hove into Palmer Stadium. I talked to the two students who accompany the band, dressed up as the team's striped mascots, Peter Maritz and Lynn Stout, respectively your Tiger and Tigrette. Lynn said it was not all that bad being a mascot for an inveterate loser because, "this way, when you get one or two victories, they mean more." I thought that was sweet.

Lynn and Peter romped around during the game, and the cheerleaders also did their best. There is no demand for pep rallies or bonfires anymore, and the cheerleaders told me that the students are just plain out of practice when it comes to cheering. Also, they can see it does no good. The best cheerers, the only real cheerers, are the ones who come in a group and get drunk. The cheerleaders said the boys from Tiger Inn, one of the eating clubs, were best at this. But I didn't hear a bloody soul cheer when the cheerleaders tried, "Let's go, big team, let's go." Neither did "M—O—V—E, move that ball!" strike any sparks in the stands, although a fight cheer—spelled out "F—I—G—T"—got some mumbles. Well, what the H ...

But lo and behold, the team played like a T—E—A—M. The Tigers have an edge going in against Harvard, because the Cantabs never care that much about playing Princeton: that is the way it is when you never hear Princeton, Yale, Harvard in that particular order. So, even when we can't beat Brown anymore, we can beat Harvard, and on this magnificent Indian summer day the 17,500 die-hards who had come out began to dare to dream of Princeton's first Ivy victory of the year. Hadn't the freshmen actually tied an opponent?

At the end of the first half we led 14-3, and there was a sophomore back named Cris Crissy, known as the Penn Yan Express because he was reared in Penn Yan, N.Y., who was running hand-

offs and catching passes all over, and I got very excited because I thought I had discovered the Penn Yan Express, and for a moment there I was going to call up Herman Wespoker, who writes "Football's Week" for *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, and tip him off to this find of mine, advising Herman to make the Penn Yan Express "Back of the Week"—we'd scoop the wire services—but in the second half the Penn Yan Express got double coverage and whatnot, and he tailed off some. Also, the Harvards scored 21 points in less than five minutes.

But you know what? The Tigers did not go belly up. I would say that maybe the worm had finally turned except that Yale stomped on Princeton again two weeks later. But at least the Tigers came back against the John Harvards. There were assorted Princeton pyrotechnics and heroics, a stalwart goal-line stand, and, at the end, a 24-24 tie. To be sure, this added up to a lot of disappointing sister-kissing this day in Tigertown, but if you, like Princeton football, hadn't been loved by anybody for years, you too would be grateful for whatever small amatory favors lies bestow.

After the game I talked to the Penn Yan Express, and he said that for the first time at Princeton "I could feel tradition out there today." I thought that was nice. And then I went back to my old club and had a couple beers, but all of a sudden, just like that, I wanted to get out of there, out of the "Homecoming," because I felt a little sad about it all. It suddenly occurred to me that of all the things they do at Princeton, they probably play football the worst of all. They're a losing team in a second-rate Eastern league. Why would I return for that? If I'm coming back—hey, let me see something with emphasis.

Football is far more out of whack at Princeton than it is at places like Miami and Notre Dame, because those schools emphasize other things too: they are honest enough to put themselves on the line, admit they care and try to be the best—the way Princeton does in all other endeavors. I'll return for my next Princeton football game when the Tigers are in the Top 10 or when they stop selling tickets and play it just for fun. But then again, maybe you really can't Homecome again. You can't for a loser, anyhow. I know that now.



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Yesterday

by BRUCE NEWMAN

THE N.Y. RENS TRAVELED A LONG HARD ROAD TO BASKETBALL'S HALL OF FAME

The New York Rens were a team of black basketball players who traveled across half a continent and a quarter of a century before coming to rest in the Basketball Hall of Fame. From the time somebody finally started keeping count in 1927 until the team was disbanded in 1948, the Rens won 2,318 games and lost 381, a winning percentage of .859. Almost all of those games were played on the road, against white teams and in front of hostile white crowds.

"It seems like I spent my whole life on the road," says Tarzan Cooper, the Rens' center during the '30s. "When I look back on my playing days, all I see is that old bus. It was a rough ride in those days. Blacks couldn't stay in most hotels, and sometimes we had to drive 400 miles to find a hotel." In 1933, for instance, there were only three cities in Pennsylvania and one in Illinois where they played in which the Rens could spend the night or sit down in a restaurant. And yet that was the year the Rens set a professional record with 88 straight victories, a mark that no team has ever equaled.

Only one other team has ever been inducted into the Hall of Fame as a unit, the Original Celtics. The Celtics' roster was studded with names like Nat Holman, Joe Lapchick and Dutch Denhart, and the popular assumption is that the Celtics were the dominant team of basketball's first half century. A demurrer is offered by a former member of the Kautsky Athletic Club of Indianapolis, a player who went up against both teams in their prime. "The Rens were definitely better," says John Wooden. "They were as good a team as you would find in that era; as good as anyone."

But somehow they got lost in the shuffle of history. "Everybody has heard of the Harlem Globetrotters and the Original Celtics," says Eyre Satch, another of the Rens from the

'30s, "but when you ask them about the Rens they say, 'Who the hell were they?' Imagine that. Who were the Renaissance Big Five?"

The Rens took their curious name from the Renaissance Casino Ballroom, which was opened in Harlem in 1922, not far from racketeer Owsney Madden's speakeasy, the Cotton Club, which catered to an exclusively white clientele. "I needed a home floor bud," said Bob Douglas, who created the team and ran it for 26 years, "so I offered to name the team the Renaissance, even though I didn't want the name. It was too cumbersome for a basketball team, but I took it and shortened it to the Rens."

By 1923 the Rens were playing every Sunday and on holidays, at the casino, sometimes before crowds of 1,000 or more. Because the floor was waxed for dancing before and after the Rens played, there was almost no running during the games, even jumping could be hazardous. The Renaissance prospered in this fashion for nine years, until the Depression brought ruin to the dance-hall business. When the crowds dwindled, Douglas realized that if his audience would no longer come to him, he would have to go to it. And so in 1930 the Rens went on a road trip that was to span 18 years and

more than 2,000 games. By their second season on the road they had a 127-7 record. Their 1934 season record was 121-19; a year later it was 128-11; in 1939 they won 112 of 119 games and the professional world championship at a three-day tournament in Chicago.

Douglas, who was born in 1882 and died only three months ago at the age of 96, worked for New York's *The Musical Courier* as a messenger and porter for 23 years before he undertook the management of the Renaissance Casino as well as the team. He was ideally suited for his role as an impresario because he was a notably handsome and elegant man—and he was smart. It didn't take him long to figure out that he could make more money playing against white teams in front of white audiences than he could playing black teams.

As both an artistic and financial enterprise, the Rens were an immediate success; so much so, in fact, that in 1927 a white New Yorker named Abe Saperstein copied the idea by founding the Harlem Globetrotters. Saperstein, however, adopted the view that blacks should perform as cheerful, comic minstrels. It annoyed Douglas that the Globetrotters' vaudeville show survived long after the Rens were gone. "Abe Saperstein died a millionaire because he gave the white people what they wanted," Douglas said a few months before his death. "When I go, it will be without a dime in my pocket, but a clear conscience. I could never have burlesqued basketball. I loved it too much for that."

Douglas gathered a remarkable bunch of players for the Rens. From 1931 through 1936 the lineup was immutable, the same seven men against a haze of white faces. They were called the Magnificent Seven—Clarence (Fat) Jenkins, Bill Yancey, John (Casey) Holt, James (Pappy) Ricks, Charles (Tarzan) Cooper, Eyre (Bruiser) Satch and William (Wee Willie) Smith—and they may have been the finest passing team ever to play the game.

The bedrock of Douglas' philosophy was that a pass was always better than a dribble. On Thanksgiving Day in 1937, during a game with the Celtics in Kansas City, the Rens protected a one-point lead for the last six minutes by passing so deftly that the ball rarely touched the floor.



The Magnificent Seven (left to right) Yancey, Cooper, Jenkins, Holt, Smith, Ricks and Satch



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YESTERDAY continued

Douglas' other dictum to his players was to keep the customers satisfied. "We were smart enough to keep the score down and make the people think they were seeing a real game," he said. "They didn't know we were carrying the home team. It was good business to let the locals think they could beat us the next time around."

The linchpin in the Rens' wagon-wheel passing game was Tarzan Cooper, whom Douglas found playing for the Philadelphia Colored Giants in 1929. In those days there was a center jump after every basket, and Cooper's 6' 3", 220-pound frame and tremendous reach gave the Rens possession of the ball after almost every exchange.

Cooper, 72, lives alone in a run-down row house in the same neighborhood in South Philadelphia where he grew up. He has arthritis and high blood pressure and most of his teeth are gone, but he is by no means a pathetic figure. In 1976 while he was still tending bar on South Street, the Hall of Fame notified him that he was to be inducted once again into the shrine, this time as an individual player. Cooper was only the third black man ever so honored.

The backbone of any barnstorming team is the player who can pull in cash customers, and Pappy Ricks did that for the Rens. "He was one of the most natural shooters the world has ever known," said Douglas. "Ricks was the only man that I allowed to shoot the ball away from the basket, and he was so good at it that he could call his shots. Pappy called everybody Gabe, and if the ball was going in he'd yell, 'Twooooo, Gabe!'"

Then there was Billy Yancey—"one of the greatest shooters I ever saw," says Wooden. "Ricks was good, but Yancey was better. When you consider how difficult it was in those days—lighting was poor, the ball was made of leather and had laces, and as the game went on the ball became heavy and lopsided—the way Yancey could shoot, well, it was something." The way he could play baseball was also something, as he demonstrated at shortstop in the Negro Baseball League.

Fat Jenkins, the 5' 6½" lefty who Douglas had appointed team captain, came as close to filling the role of coach as anyone on the Rens' roster. "He held them together," says Wooden. "Not only did he run their offense, he was the team spokesman and had command of the club." Jenkins compensated for his

lack of size with remarkable quickness.

Casey Holt and Eyre Satch were added to the team to fill holes. Satch—a two-time national Negro tennis champion—was asked to join the Rens as much for his matinee idol looks as his ability. With those players, the Rens were fleet and strong but not invincible. Wee Willie Smith was signed in 1931, the year the 88-game winning streak began. When Smith joined the Rens, he stood 6' 5" and weighed 225 pounds, and, says Wooden, "He was the meanest, toughest basketball player I ever saw."

"In all those years," says Eric Illidge, the Rens' road secretary and manager, "the referees gave us nothing. Sometimes we had to fight just to stay alive. Willie Smith may have broken a lot of jaws, but he never started a fight."

One memorable confrontation came in a game against a team representing the Goodyear Tire Company in Akron. "There was a player on that team named Schipp, who played for several teams in that area," says Illidge. "Nasty fellow, and evidently he didn't like colored people. He gave Willie a vicious elbow during the game, and Smith broke his jaw right there on the spot."

The referee ejected Smith but took no action against Schipp, who was, in any event, preoccupied with unconsciousness at the time. Illidge argued that it would be unfair to punish Wee Willie and ignore Schipp's contribution to the proceedings, and to everyone's surprise the coach of the Goodyear team took Illidge's side. The result of all this was that the two referees, their authority undercut, stormed off the floor. "That's when all hell broke loose," Illidge says. "We had to form a circle in the middle of the floor and fight back to back. I had my pistol out, and Fat Jenkins pulled out the knife he kept hidden in his sock. We were ready to fight our way out, but the riot squad came and saved our lives."

It could get pretty uncomfortable for the team after the game, too. When they didn't sleep on their bus, the Rens usually stayed in the fleabag hotels, battling bedbugs and body lice until sleep finally overtook them. "The Fiat-gun was standard equipment with us," says Satch. "On the rare occasions when we got to stay in a nice hotel, those of us who stayed sober would stand watch until the drinkers came back to make sure they didn't create any disturbance. All those hotels needed was one mistake so they

continued

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YESTERDAY continued

could say that they had tried, but they couldn't have our kind around."

During the 1940s the Rens received \$500 in appearance money and a percentage of the gate to play exhibitions against teams from the newly formed American Basketball League, the forerunner of the National Basketball Association. In 1947 ABL owners convened in Philadelphia to discuss admitting the Rens to the all-white league.

"It was in the fall of the year that Jackie Robinson broke into major league baseball with the Brooklyn Dodgers," said Douglas. "I'll never forget that day as long as I live. I bought a brand new Studebaker and drove down to Philadelphia in style. When I arrived, they invited me to sit in on their discussion before they voted. I remember that at one point an Italian fellow from Providence stood up and said the league could get along fine without us. Then Joe Lapchick, who was with the Knickerbockers, got up in front of his boss, Ned Irish, and said, 'I may lose my job for saying this, but I'd play against the Rens any goddam day. To me they're the best.'"

Douglas was asked to wait outside while the vote was taken, and afterward League President Ike Duffy told him that the motion had failed. "When Duffy told me they wouldn't let me in their league," Douglas said, "it took a lot out of me." The next year he turned the team over to Illidge. In 1948 the league apparently reconsidered its position and offered Illidge a spot in the ABL if he would move the team to Dayton. Illidge reluctantly agreed, and then watched \$10,000 of his own money go up in smoke when the Dayton fans boycotted the Rens' games for almost the entire season. At the end of the year Illidge folded the team.

"Progress was what finally killed the Rens," says Cooper. "Jobs were coming up for blacks, and we had to think of our futures. The year after we won the world championship, I retired and took a job painting houses for \$50 a week, year round. Sometimes I'd find myself leaning against that ladder, missing those days when we were flying high. But there was always the road, and I surely never did miss that. Still, it wasn't all bad. Why, I suppose if I could just run like those young fellows out there now, I'd hop right back on that bus and head for the open road again."

END

A cowboy wearing a light-colored cowboy hat, a red long-sleeved shirt, and a brown vest is riding a black horse. He is holding a lasso in his right hand and has a lit cigarette in his mouth. The horse is standing in a grassy field with a desert landscape in the background.

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Oct. 8-14
Compiled by STEVE WULF

BASEBALL—After five games, the Orioles led the Pirates from one position in the Wild World Series (page 26)

PRO BASKETBALL—The NBA's two most-celebrated rookies, Lenny Hay and Laker Earvin Johnson, each broke in with a bang. As Bird was introduced in Boston Garden a fan roared a cheer that promptly flew to the rafters. Bird didn't score quite that high on his debut, scoring 14 points, with 10 rebounds, as the Celtics took 114-106. But the next night, Bird in his first all-star game, scored 28 to help give Boston's new coach, Bill Fitch, a 119-117 win over the old team, the Cavaliers. In a week it took for Johnson to work his magic—he had only one point in the first 15 minutes—but he finished with 26 in a 103-102 victory over the Celtics. And Bird and Johnson were not the only rookies to play important roles: the Knicks' new 7' 1" center Bill Cartwright had 27 points in a 129-118 defeat of Washington; Greg Kates hit for 18 as the Pacers beat Indiana 114-103; and Calvin Nait had helped the Nets to a 102-99 win over the Cavaliers with 20 points and 19 rebounds. His only hand was very big size. Julius Erving had 71 points on Philadelphia's two victories, including a career-high 44 in a 113-105 win over Houston.

PRO FOOTBALL—The Cincinnati Bengals pulled on the defunct Super Bowl champions of all teams—for their first victory. In fact, the Steelers didn't know what they were in Cincinnati, scored three touchdowns in less than two minutes of the second quarter and went on to win 34-10. Pittsburgh turned the ball over nine times, and two Bengal linemen, rookie Bruce Kerrick and Len Cofield, returned fumbles for touchdowns. The line moved the Steelers 15-20 back into a tie for first in the AFC Central with Houston, which trailed Baltimore in both lines in seven games, 28-18. Ted Cottrell led the Oilers with three touchdowns and 149 yards. Denver and San Diego ran their AFC West leading records to 4-2. Craig Morton passed for two touchdowns and 144 yards in the Broncos' victory of Kansas City 24-9, and Dan Fouts ran Charger records for passing percentage and completions, hitting on 28 of 37 passes for 318 yards and three TDs, in a 28-13 defeat of Seattle. Revisited Oakland were twice, showing a strong defense in a 13-10 Monday-night victory over Miami and a perfect effort in a 30-19 win of Atlanta. The 50 yard punts were the most in 10 years by the Oilers. They got their touchdowns from Mark van Eeghen. The Dolphins recovered in time to beat Buffalo for the 20th straight time, 17-7. In Larry Rountree ran for 50 yards and rookie Tony Nathan returned a five-quarter punt 86 yards for a TD. Steve Grieco threw for three touchdowns in New England's 17-7 triumph over Cincinnati to keep the Patriots in tie with the Dolphins for the lead in the AFC East at 5-2. In the NFC, Tampa Bay led its second game in a row, 42-14 to New Orleans. Quinn Grunwald's Archie Manning added the signal's best defense with 11-for-14 passing, and Tony Stewart and Chuck Muncie combined for 163 yards on the ground. The only NFC Central team to win was Green Bay, which beat Detroit 34-16 behind Nate Sayers. 21 yards on 19 carries. Surprising Philadelphia returned lead for the NFC East lead with Dallas at 4-1 by defeating St. Louis 24-20 to reverse Running Back D.D. Campbell scored from 11 yards. Eric Eving had 71 yards in the game. The Cowboys defeated the Rams 31-6 in a replay of last year's NFC championship game as Tony Stewart took off the effects of a hamstring injury accident to rush for 103 yards. Washington pulled out a 17-10 victory over Cleveland where Joe Threinen hit Clarence Harmon on 15 yards touchdown pass with 41 yards in the air. In a tie of one-half of the season's most remarkable games, the Giants beat the San Francisco 12-16. Rookie Quarterback Phil Simms passed for 300 yards, and rookie Wide Receiver Ernest Goren caught eight of his passes for 169 yards and two touchdowns.

GOAL—Bill Rogers defeated defending champion Hans Asa to win the World Match Ball Championship in Virginia Water, England (page 26)

LD FIORI took a brief rest on the second hole of a 36-hole event with Tony Westwood to win his first PGA tournament, the \$200,000 Southern Open in California, Ga. Fiori and Westwood were tied at one-under-par 274 after 72 holes of regulation play.

AMY ALCOCK won her third LPGA tournament of the season, a \$100,000 event in Portsmouth, Va. by one stroke over Susan McAlister. Alcock's score was 72 holes with a 67 under-par 218.

HOCKEY—The four teams left over from the WHA received a rude welcome to the NHL. Alburgh, Edmonton, Hartford, Winnipeg and Quebec lost six games and drew two. The Whalers and Pittsburgh 3-9 with the help of 31-year-old goalie Howe's first NHL goal since 1971. In the other deadlock, Edmonton needed a lucky goal off a defenseman's skate to tie Detroit 3-3.

HORSE RACING—ROANIE'S CHIEF (372-601) ridden by Robert Hunsicker, beat 3-year-old female Rockwell Nasser by 1 1/2 lengths in the 10th running of the \$136,000 Churnwater Stakes at Belmont Park. The winner, the longest shot in the field, was clocked at 1:30 1/5 over a muddy mile.

WAAA (55) Cash Announcer, finished three lengths ahead of defending Foundation to win the \$181,750 Baltimore Stakes for fillies and mares at Belmont Park. The mare for 1/2 mile over a slow track was 2:09 1/5. Heavily favored 1/2 mile The Air came in fifth.

MOTOR SPORTS—HENRY PARSONS, averaging 91.44 mph in a Chevrolet Monte Carlo, won an \$83,150 NASCAR Grand National race in North Wilkesboro, N.C. by two car lengths over Bobby Allison as a Ford Thunderbolt.

TENNIS—Defending champion MARTINA NAVRATLOVA defeated Chris Evert 6-3, 6-3 in the finals of the \$100,000 Phoenix Clavier.

MILFOOTS—FRED After 27 years in head coach at Arizona State, FRANK KUSH, 50, the second-winningest active college football coach in the nation, Kushi, whose 176 victories include 40 All-American players, was named coach to Alabama's Bear Bryant's 28th, was officially announced by State Coach Assistant Director Dr. Fred Miller after three players told Miller that they had been Kushi punch the team's punter last year, a charged Kushi had denied.

IBRED As the Philadelphia Fire's fourth coach in two years, EDGAR FIRMAN, 46, who guided the 1975 Tampa Bay Rowdies and the 1977 and 1978 Corvair to NASL championships. He was fired by the Cosmos on June 1 and finished the season as coach of the ASL, New Jersey Americans. Firman topped a three-year contract for a reported \$300,000.

RETIRED After 16 seasons with the Montreal Canadiens, EVAN COLEMAN, 35, to be named a scout for the club. A right wing on 10 Montreal Stanley Cup-winning teams and the Canadiens' captain since 1973, Coleman scored 426 goals and had 435 assists in 968 games. He played in only 15 games last year before a back injury sidelined him.

TRADED By the Baltimore Colts, Defensive End JERRY DUTTON, 28, to Dallas for the Cowboys' 1st and No. 1 draft pick in 1980. Dallas, a former All-Pro who refused to play for the Colts because of a contract dispute, signed a series of one-year contracts with Dallas. The terms were undisclosed.

By the Kansas City Kings, 6' 10" Forward RICHARD WASHINGTON, 24, who had scored 11 points a game during three NBA seasons, to the Milwaukee Bucks for 4' 6" Forward ERNE GRUNTEL, 24, whose two-year scoring average is 8.7, a second-round pick in the 1980 draft and an undrafted amount of cash.

By the Utah Jazz, 6' 4" Guard RON LEE, 26, who led the NBA in 1977-78 with 2.54 steals a game, to the Atlanta Hawks for two second-round draft picks.

By the St. Louis Blues, Center GARRY UNGER, 31, who had played as an NHL-record 82 consecutive games with the Toronto Maple Leafs, Detroit Red Wings and Blues, to the Atlanta Flames for 15-year-old KLEA, 31, Louis, DON LAURENCE, 22, and a second-round draft pick (choice in 1981).

DIED GEORGE FRANCIS TRAFFORD RYALL, 92, better known as Austin Minor, the horse-racing long jumper for The New Yorker from 1926 to 1978, after a long illness, in St. Charles, Md.

FACES IN THE CROWD



PATTI LYONS
West Room in Black

Lyons, 26, broke the women's world record for the half marathon (13 1/2 miles), in Manchester, Vt., with a time of 1:14:03, 47 seconds better than the previous mark. In the same race she also set a U.S. record for 20 kilometers (12:34).



FRANK WRIGHT
Blue Room

Wright, a 5' 10", 160-pound senior running back at Midford Mid High, gained 263 yards on 35 carries in the NFL's 8-6 loss to the North Carolina in five games. Wright, one of his wife's co-captains, has picked up 679 yards on 107 carries.



PENNY HAMMEL
Blue Room

Penny, a high school senior and two-time Illinois girls' interscholastic golf champion, defeated Amy Benz of Clearwater, Fla. 2 and 1 to win the U.S. Girls' Junior Championship at the Pleasant Valley Country Club in Lake Arrow, N.J.



DEAN SHANAHAN
Dark Room, 10th

Dean, 36, won the Grand American Handicap, the most important event at the 80th annual Grand American Trapshooting Tournament in Vandalia, Ohio. Shooting from 219 yards, he was the only one of the 3,867 entrants to hit all 100 clay targets.



SCOTT MCLAUGHLIN
Midnight Club

Scott, 15, won the eighth-entire final round of the 11th annual World Junior Freebie Golf Championships in Atlanta. Catching and throwing the disc for distance and accuracy, he finished with 40 out of a possible 43 points.



DAVE BAUER
Schofield, N.J.

Bauer, a 27-year-old elementary-school teacher, has coached the Intertown United Soccer Club "B" team to a 44-2-10 record and four straight overall championships of the South Jersey Amateur Soccer League.

CREDITS

3435—Clockwise from 100: Jerry Wachtel Photo on Sports; James Drake; Hong Kuehner; Manny Mota; Tony Stewart; 3436—Manny Mota; 3437—Manny Mota; 3438—Manny Mota; 3439—Manny Mota; 3440—Manny Mota; 3441—Manny Mota; 3442—Manny Mota; 3443—Manny Mota; 3444—Manny Mota; 3445—Manny Mota; 3446—Manny Mota; 3447—Manny Mota; 3448—Manny Mota; 3449—Manny Mota; 3450—Manny Mota; 3451—Manny Mota; 3452—Manny Mota; 3453—Manny Mota; 3454—Manny Mota; 3455—Manny Mota; 3456—Manny Mota; 3457—Manny Mota; 3458—Manny Mota; 3459—Manny Mota; 3460—Manny Mota; 3461—Manny Mota; 3462—Manny Mota; 3463—Manny Mota; 3464—Manny Mota; 3465—Manny Mota; 3466—Manny Mota; 3467—Manny Mota; 3468—Manny Mota; 3469—Manny Mota; 3470—Manny Mota; 3471—Manny Mota; 3472—Manny Mota; 3473—Manny Mota; 3474—Manny Mota; 3475—Manny Mota; 3476—Manny Mota; 3477—Manny Mota; 3478—Manny Mota; 3479—Manny Mota; 3480—Manny Mota; 3481—Manny Mota; 3482—Manny Mota; 3483—Manny Mota; 3484—Manny Mota; 3485—Manny Mota; 3486—Manny Mota; 3487—Manny Mota; 3488—Manny Mota; 3489—Manny Mota; 3490—Manny Mota; 3491—Manny Mota; 3492—Manny Mota; 3493—Manny Mota; 3494—Manny Mota; 3495—Manny Mota; 3496—Manny Mota; 3497—Manny Mota; 3498—Manny Mota; 3499—Manny Mota; 3500—Manny Mota.

HOCKEY INSIGHT

Sir,

Kudos to Ken Dryden for a thoughtful, objective analysis of the state of hockey in North America today (*A Game in Search of Some Contexts*, Oct. 8). Dryden, the consummate competitor on the ice, has pinpointed problems and offered solutions for a wonderful game that needs help. National Hockey League executives have watched Dryden perform brilliantly for years. Now they should begin listening to him.

RUSSEY MARLIN
Administrative Coordinator
NFL Management Council
New York City

Sir,

The saying goes, "If 10 men tell you you're drunk, you'd better be down." Well, in the past decade more than 10 men have tried to warn ice hockey's leaders about the terminal effect violence has on the sport, and about the talent-draining aspect of overexposure.

North American hockey now is not only devoid of big league network television exposure, but it is also failing embarrassingly far behind European hockey in terms of skills—and embarrassingly far ahead in pointless violence. Let us hope that the game on all levels, from the Pee Wees to the NHL, will heed Ken Dryden's words and end the tragic cycle of hockey in the '70s.

KEVIN GERARD WOOLCOTE
Sacramento

Sir,

The problems of hockey go much deeper than the occasional violence of the NHL. At the age of 18 I quit the sport after being benched by coaches who emphasized checking and high sticking over skating and passing. Hockey can be as graceful as ballet. However, on the minor league level the game more often resembles a scene from *Slapshot*. During the 1970s, hockey has been enervated by players, booed by spectators and taken to court by lawyers. But the game will remain unchanged until individuals like Ken Dryden are part of the Establishment instead of just outspoken critics.

TIM WENDEL
Knoxville, Tenn.

Sir,

Ken Dryden's remarkable and all-encompassing insight into the woes of the National Hockey League is exceeded only by his eloquence. He should be considered for the presidency of the NHL in the not-too-distant future.

DAVID FERNOW
Buffalo

Sir,

When you play the fastest sport around in an enclosed arena you are bound to get into fights. I guess Ken Dryden was too busy to notice this, studying for his bar exam and all. The fans love to see fights. This fact was acknowledged in your magazine once before by the best coach in hockey, Don Cherry, who said, "The people who pay the dough love fighting. It's part of the game and sells tickets" (*The Wrath of Grapes*, Jan. 15).

I also do not agree that the NHL needs big TV contracts. Look back at the U.S.-Soviet series and see how the games were chopped up on TV. You couldn't even follow the play. I am positive that hockey fans across the country are happy with their cable telecasts, which have only a fraction of the commercials of network telecasts and which also have announcers who know what they are talking about. Brent Musberger commenting on hockey?

For the last five years I have stood in line hours on end for Ranger tickets, only to be disappointed. The line in itself is a sight. As for Dryden saying that the talent won't get better with expansion, I give you the New York Islanders. Of course, they didn't set the world on fire in their very first year, but what do you expect?

Take my advice and pick on a dead sport like basketball.

JOHN KELL
Union, N.J.

EYES ON THE CUP

Sir,

Over the years, the Boston Bruins seem to have surprised almost everyone, except us Bruin fans and ourselves. E. M. Swift should have included the Bruins in the final four and probably should have picked them as champions in his scouting reports (Oct. 8).

JIM HAYES
South Boston, Mass.

Sir,

Thank you for your articles on hockey by Ken Dryden and E. M. Swift. Dryden was especially interesting. We would disagree only with Swift's prediction of the New York Islanders as the Stanley Cup champions. As Dryden said, the Canadiens are a special team, "more than just a hockey team." Come May, Guy Lafleur and Les Habrants will once again be sipping champagne from Lord Stanley's cup.

KEVIN BROWN
Burlington
MEL KINNEY
Don Cook
Prairie Village, Kans.

Sir,

You think the Pittsburgh Penguins goofed by trading Goalie Denis Herron and a draft choice to Montreal for reserve forward Pat Hughes and minor league Goaltender Bob Holland? Maybe not. It seems to me that the Pittsburgh front office has heard that criticism before for exchanging well-liked, highly skilled players and draft picks for NHL unknowns. But these trades have resulted in Pittsburgh's acquisition of Orest Kandrachuk, Ron Lonsberry and Tom Bladon for a first-round draft choice. We got Peter Lee for Pierre Latorche and Gary McAdam for Dave Schultz. In the last year the front office has wheeled and dealed to bring Pittsburgh the likes of Dale Tallon, Rod Schutt, George Ferguson, Randy Carlyle, Gregg Sheppard and now Nick Libett. Looking over the list, I think the front office should get a pat on the back. In fact it did, with General Manager Bar Broten receiving Executive of the Year honors from *Hockey News*. The Penguins have brought excellent hockey to Pittsburgh, and we thank them for that. So if the Herron deal was one-sided, maybe it will turn out to be right and our side will win in the end.

BRIAN STEELE
Johnstown, Pa.

BLACKS IN BASEBALL

Sir,

Your SCORECARD item (Oct. 8) suggesting that there is an "enduring color line" in baseball made some curious points. Among others were 1) that no more than 10% of recent top draft choices are black and 2) that with Willie Mays and Henry Aaron gone, blacks do not identify with baseball the way they once did. Omitted was the fact that according to the last census only 11% of the U.S. population is black. Thus, if the 10% figure compares unfavorably with basketball and football, I suggest that the latter sports have a disproportionately high share of black prospects. Concerning the absence of Mays and Aaron, if black youths cannot identify with the likes of Dave Parker, Willie Stargell, Reggie Jackson, Jim Rice et al., then they probably cannot identify with the Ervings, McCloskeys, Paytons and Simpsons.

Baseball may need more black managers, umpires and spectators, but it does not suffer from a lack of black players or stars.

H. W. MARLOW
Lake Zurich, Ill.

IF THE SHOE FITS...

Sir,

This letter is just to point out how varied your subscribers are. My all-time favorite article is Ron Fimrele's VIEWPOINT (Oct. 8) on

continued

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19TH HOLE continued

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EFFANDE FULLINGTON
Glendale, Ariz.

Sir,

While I don't agree with Ron Fimrite's view on physical fitness, I do agree that everyone should decide for himself whether or not to keep fit. However, I am sure the space taken up by his article could have been put to better use, even if you had to put in another advertisement.

I subscribe to SI for the pleasure of reading about competition and the mental and physical abilities of the people who compete. Pardon me, but I don't recognize Fimrite's ability.

JIM HENDERSON
Professional Golfer
Waukegan, Ill.

TRUCKIN'

Sir,

A big 10-4 for Sports Wit of the Year Frank Deford ("Lordy, Let Those Big Wheels Sing to Me," Oct. 1). Keep those big wheels and bonus pieces rolling.

ANDY SHUBIK
Bowling, Pa.

Sir,

Your article about Tyrone Malone and his trucks was most interesting and amusing. I hope, however, that Frank Deford never gets called upon to help out in Malone's pet crew. There might be a carburetor in de Ford, but there is no carburetor in de diesel.

FRANK GARRISON JR.
Eufaula, Ala.

Sir,

I guess I was just a little shocked to find out that your bonus piece was about trucks. Uh, well, it had nice photographs.

CAROLYN SPENCER
Wayzata, Minn.

QUINN & QUINN

Sir,

In the Baseball roundup in your Oct. 8 issue, Kathleen Andria mentioned that Jamie Quirk set a record for most home runs (50) in a career for a player whose name begins with the letter Q. This can't be true. What about the exploits of Jack Quinn, who as a pitcher hit eight home runs, two more than Quirk, during his career? Quinn, who pitched for New York and Cincinnati, among others, between 1909 and 1932, also holds the record for most career victories (247) by a player whose name begins with Q.

MARK M. O'CONNELL
Gambier, Ohio

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